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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Staff Writer Sam Moses landed in Denver last December on the next-to-last leg of his trip from New York to Crested Butte, Colo., he was already bushed. But he had interviews scheduled for the story that begins on page 26 of this issue, and he set out immediately on the five-hour drive. Thus he found himself racing along between Fair Play and Salida at a rather precipitous pace, and with his eyelids drooping. "I remember thinking to myself, 'Moses, you're driving on glare ice at 90 mph,'" he recalls. A few seconds later the rented Thunderbird was buried, backward, in a huge snowbank. Happily, there was not a scratch on Sam or the T-Bird, but the near-miss reminds us that our staff members spend a great deal of time in rented cars, a circumstance that over the years has led to some unusual situations.

Senior Editor Bob Ottum's experience on the Bonneville Salt Flats in 1966 was one of the more dramatic. When Art Arfons crashed during a world land-speed-record attempt, Ottum climbed into the ambulance plane for the flight to a Salt Lake City hospital, where he interviewed Arfons. He thinks it was over Chicago on his way back to New York that he remembered the rented car. On the Salt Flats, the rental company said it was one of the more original excuses they had heard for not turning in a car.

Also, we have had Ted Theisen, who hit the wall at Indy—from the outside. Ted, who is one of our picture editors, entered a muddy dead-end road, skidded, hit the wall and somehow denied all four corners of the car while attempting to extricate it—a process, he says, that attracted the fascinated attention of a considerable proportion of the Indy safety patrol. Then there was the incident involving Staff Writer John Papanek, who last year at Lake Placid somehow managed to lock the car keys in the trunk. The temperature was 10° below, there was two feet of snow on the ground, night was falling. Staff Photographer Tony Triolo, who was with Papanek, was cursing, and civilization was six miles away. They were saved when a tow truck inexplicably appeared and, for \$10, the driver punched out the trunk lock with a screwdriver. And

let us not forget Jeannette Bruce, as if that were possible. Jeannette had not driven for 10 years, and then only with a standard shift, when she picked up her Ford at the Fort Myers, Fla., airport. "It said *P A R K I N G* on the gear-box," she says. "Whatever that meant. I turned the key and promptly shot backward into a palm tree. 'Take it out of reverse!' the agent yelled. I was flustered and very angry. I said, 'Well, I never asked for a Prindle. I asked for a Ford!'"

Roy Blount, who used to work for us, is a more philosophical type. On one assignment, Blount discovered his car's engine was dead, and he had 25 minutes to get to the airport. "There was a Hertz place across the street," he says, "so I abandoned the first car and ran over and got another. I drove the second Hertz car in such a hurry that I ran into a third Hertz car. I had to fill out a very complicated form, but I didn't have to pay any money. Sort of a pleasant experience, on the whole."

"There is a whole rental-car language," Blount adds. "I remember a girl asked me once, 'Will you be accepting our collision, sir?'" It's a language Senior Editor Barbara Le Fontaine has encountered. She remembers calling a rental-car agent to say her flight had been delayed, but to hold her reservation. When she arrived, there was no automobile. "I did hold the reservation," the agent said. "I just gave away the car."

Then there was the time Photographer Jerry Cooke rented a Ford Falcon in Nice for three months and drove it all over Europe—through Hungary and Bulgaria, from Vienna to Sofia. He ended up in Istanbul and went to turn the car in, only to be informed frostily that it was to be returned at the point of departure. Cooke shipped it from Istanbul to Nice.

There are also a lot of stories like the one about the writer who left a car in the Churchill Downs parking lot for 2½ years. But we're not going to tell them to you.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SPARTAN NO LONGER

College administrators alarmed by the movement toward budget parity for women's sports have tended to focus their ire on Title IX, which forbids sex discrimination in schools receiving federal funds. Under an interpretation of Title IX by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, per capita expenditures for female athletes will have to be increased next fall to levels virtually equal to those for men. Critics say that this will drain athletic budgets, thereby endangering men's sports programs.

But Title IX may not be their only concern, as the case of the Michigan State women's basketball team suggests. Sixteen months ago MSU's women athletes began to complain that they were being treated less favorably than the men. While the men were issued three or four pairs of gym shoes, the women received only one. A doctor was present at men's games, but not when the women played. The women had to wash their own uniforms. What is more, they practiced in a gym with a warped floor and inadequate heat and returned to their dorm so late they had trouble getting a hot meal. And, oh yes, they had ample time to talk over these grievances during all-night drives home from games in station wagons. The men traveled by bus and plane.

Two months ago, concluding that conditions were unacceptable even for Spartans, the women filed complaints with HEW and the Michigan Department of Civil Rights. The heat was soon turned up in their gym and laundry facilities were provided, but the women remained dissatisfied. Last week they brought suit in U.S. District Court in Grand Rapids asking that they receive \$16 a day for meals and that they be billeted two to a room, the same as the men's team; they had been receiving \$11 and had been sleeping up to four to a room. Judge Noel P. Fox issued a temporary restraining order granting their requests. He also ordered the MSU Board of Trustees to show cause at a hearing later this month

why the ruling should not be made permanent. College administrators elsewhere will note that the women's suit is being argued not under Title IX but under a somewhat older legal provision: the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

MYSTERY QUEST, SIGN IN, PLEASE

Oakland A's owner Charlie Finley last week finally got around to naming a successor to Manager Jack McKeon, whom he fired four months ago. The new manager is Jim Marshall, who may be interested in what happened when the American League recently asked managers to provide preseason analyses of their teams for publicity purposes. Oakland promptly sent in a detailed—and anonymous—position-by-position rundown of how the A's shape up. League officials naturally wanted to know who the "manager" was to whom the preview should be attributed.

The word from Finley's office: "We don't know. When we announce one, just put his name on it."

Welcome to the A's, Jim.

IT'S THE HUMIDITY

A 30-member AAU track and field subcommittee will meet in New York next week to select either Eugene, Ore. or Durham, N.C., as site of the 1980 U.S. Olympic Trials. All other things being equal, a strong case could be made that it is Durham's turn. After all, Eugene put on the '72 and '76 Trials while Durham has played host to several major meets but never to an Olympic Trials.

But one thing is not equal. The '80 Trials will take place in late June, when Eugene's average humidity ranges from 49% to 62% and Durham's from 57% to 88%. Humidity above 70% can be debilitating for runners, especially for those in distance events. Because the Olympics will be held in late July, when Moscow's average humidity ranges from 40% to 68%, a number of Olympic hopefuls, reasoning that conditions at the Trials should

favor those with the best chances of performing well at the Games, are nervous about Durham's getting the nod.

SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT

It may be time to utter a few words in praise of the oft-maligned crow. True, crows steal corn and wheat, which is why farmers are always putting scarecrows in their fields. But the accused birds may partially make up for the damage by feasting on beetles, caterpillars, slugs and other pests.

As it is in the fields, so it is on the links. Several years ago there were reports out of India that crows, presumably mistaking the white objects for eggs, were stealing golf balls off the greens at the Chembur course in Bombay (SCORECARD, Jan. 5, 1970). Similar incidents have been reported from time to time since then, most recently that the crows



have been swiping as many as 20 balls a day off the Ashburnham course at Pembrey, South Wales. Last week a crow swooped down, grabbed a ball in its beak and flew off to perch on a fence a short distance away. When the woman whose ball it was approached, the crow simply hopped a few feet further down the fence, seemingly laughing at her.

On the other hand, a golfer playing the 9th hole on the Manoir Richelieu course at Murray Bay, Quebec last summer came across a crow that was apparently trying to be helpful. John Barsarab hit his tee shot on the 165-yard

continued

par-3 hole six inches from the cup, at which point he and the others in his foursome were to see a crow land on the green, pick up the ball and drop it into the hole. It didn't count as a hole-in-one because an "outside agency" was involved. But isn't it likely that the same thing has happened without anybody seeing it? It is a tantalizing thought. Somewhere, sometime, a crow may very well have made an eagle of a birdie.

BULLIED AWARD

At a banquet last week in Indianapolis, swimmer John Naber, the Sullivan Award winner as the best U.S. amateur athlete of 1977, opened an envelope and excitedly announced that swimmer Tracy Caulkins had won the 1978 Sullivan Award. No doubt Caulkins' victory also gladdened swimmers Tim Shaw (Sullivan winner 1975), Mark Spitz (1971) and John Kinsella (1970). If you detect a pattern here, you're right. Not only have swimmers won in five of the last nine years but the last 29 Sullivans also have been divided up among just three sports: aquatics (diving as well as swimming), track and field and basketball.

The Sullivan's scope has not always been so narrow. The award, presented by the AAU since 1930, went occasionally in earlier years to performers in golf (e.g., Bobby Jones), tennis (Don Budge) and football (Doc Blanchard). But the best in those sports no longer stand a fighting chance. The Sullivan procedure is for an AAU screening committee to select 10 finalists, with the winner then chosen by a mail ballot of up to 2,500 sports-writers, broadcasters and amateur athletic officials. However, in the years in which they might have merited consideration, none of the following have so much as made the final 10: Tony Dorsett, Earl Campbell, John McEnroe, Nancy Lopez and Tracy Austin.

Instead of acknowledging and explaining what has been an evident shift in criteria, the AAU stubbornly clings to the fiction that it is honoring the best amateur athlete in the U.S. In point of fact, it is honoring the best athlete in an ill-defined and limited group of certain largely (but not exclusively) Olympic sports. The 16-year-old Caulkins, the youngest Sullivan recipient ever, last year won five gold medals at the world swimming championships in West Berlin and currently holds or shares three world and 13 American records. She may very well

have outpolled a field in which all amateur sports were represented. Unfortunately, we'll never know.

BREAKDOWN

After a two-year investigation, the Justice Department last week announced the indictments in Boston of 21 men, including three jockeys and two trainers, for conspiring to fix horse races at six tracks between 1973 and 1975. The indictments came six weeks after the convictions in New Jersey of five jockeys and two owners on similar charges. As in both the New Jersey case and a series of indictments last year in Detroit, much of the evidence was supplied by Anthony Cukla, the convicted race fixer who, under federal protection, continues to detail his activities to officials in New York and Philadelphia (SI, Nov. 6, 1978).

The Boston indictments totaled 51 counts. Those named included Joseph M. McDonald, a fugitive also wanted on charges related to the interstate transportation of stolen property, and Howard T. Winter, 49, of Somerville, Mass., who has reputed links to organized crime and is serving an 18-to-20-year sentence in the Worcester County House of Correction for extortion.

The jockeys indicted were Norman Mercier, who recently rode his 2,500th winner, Eddie Donnelly and Guy Contrada. According to the indictment, Donnelly was beaten up after a mount he had been bribed to hold won a race at Suffolk Downs. The indictment says that McDonald wanted Donnelly killed and his body placed on the backstretch as a warning to other jockeys.

Donnelly is also an accomplished writer. In an article for *The Baltimore Sun Magazine* about race fixing, he evocatively described jockeys as "artists who painted with quicksilver strokes of violent motion on an oval brown earth canvas." He also wrote, "Like all sidewalk jocks maneuvering for position, they liked to win and were trained to win. But somewhere between the gate and the wire, the American Dream, like a lot of over-raced horses, broke down."

THIRTY MINUS ONE

Save for some Machiavellian scheming on the part of its outmanned rivals, the track team at California's Occidental College might have achieved a conference win streak even more impressive than the 25-year reign enjoyed by Ken-

yon College's swimmers (page 32). Occidental's track dynasty began in 1946 when Coach Payton Jordan started scheduling more dual meets against Pacific Coast Conference (now the Pac-10) powers and fewer against other schools in the Southern California Intercollegiate Athletic Conference. After thus honing itself against tougher competition, Occidental would routinely wallop everybody in the SCIAAC championships.

To cut Occidental down to size, other conference schools pushed through a rule that the championship would be determined by dual-meet standings instead of by the SCIAAC meet. On a fateful weekend in 1964, Jim Bush, who had become the Occidental coach two years before, decided to save his best men for a meet the next day against Stanford (where Jordan was then coaching) and entered second-stringers in a double dual meet against SCIAAC foes Pomona and Whittier. Occidental came in last and was charged with two losses, with the result that it ended the season as runner-up to Redlands, which had lost only one dual meet—to Occidental. It didn't matter that Occidental subsequently won the conference meet. Its streak of 18 conference titles was broken. Occidental won the next 11 SCIAAC championships before losing in 1976 to Pomona-Pitzer. Had it won in 1964, its streak at the time would have been 30, not 11.

Jordan, still at Stanford, has become a coaching legend. Bush has achieved fame at UCLA, where he has coached since 1964. He insists today, "I never lost any conference title at Occidental. Anybody who says otherwise is wrong." The man who coached Redlands in '64 doesn't dispute him. "Occidental was the best team that year," says the splendidly named Ted Runner, now Redlands' athletic director. "Our championship was a paper thing. It was strictly politics. I've always been embarrassed about it."

THEY SAID IT

• George Brett, Kansas City third baseman, explaining why he isn't giving much thought to a more lucrative contract à la Pete Rose and Jim Rice: "I've got three years left on my present contract and by then all the owners may be broke."

• Hilton Hale, who quit San Diego State's basketball team in expectation of becoming a Baptist minister: "I was tired of basketball being my god. I want God to be my god."

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FINE TIMES WERE HAD

... by almost all. The trouble was that Eamonn Coghlan and Renaldo Nehemiah celebrated too soon to have great times **by JOE MARSHALL**

With 10 yards remaining in the Millrose Games' Wanamaker Mile and the cheers of a sellout Madison Square Garden crowd of 18,301 running down upon him, Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan glanced backward. On the track behind him was six-sevenths of what New Zealand's John Walker, the world-record holder in the mile outdoors and in the 1,500 meters indoors, had earlier described as "the best mile field assembled in the United States this year." Nevertheless, more than 10 yards separated Coghlan from his nearest pursuer, Kenya's Wilson Wangwa, who would finish second in 3:56.3. Wangwa has one of



track's fastest finishing kicks, but kick as he might last Friday night, he only lost ground.

Behind Waignon was Sydney Martee of South Africa and Coghlan's alma mater, Villanova, on his way to a personal best—outdoors as well as indoors—of 3:57.1. He was passing Walker, who was destined to finish fourth in 3:57.3. Never before had four milers run under 3:58 in the same indoor race. Next came American Steve Scott, heading for a 3:58.6. Only when the field stretched back to sixth place was there a runner who failed to break the four-minute barrier. That was Dick Buerkle, the world-record holder in the indoor mile (3:54.9). In last place, behind Buerkle, was Paul Cummings, who had undertaken the role of rabbit. He had set up the record finish by leading the field through the three-quarter-mile mark in 2:58.5.

Master of all he surveyed, Coghlan slowed, triumphantly thrust his arms upward and broke the tape. To a roar from the crowd, the electronic scoreboard flashed **WORLD INDOOR RECORD**. The Garden buzzed. Several minutes passed. Then the buzzing changed to a groan with the announcement that Coghlan's time was 3:55, one-tenth of a second slower than the record. That fraction of a second was more than the time Coghlan had consumed with his spectating and celebrating as he approached the tape.

In a way, that scene epitomized the 72nd edition of the Millrose Games, where the announcements of official times were almost as dramatic as the events themselves because world records were so often in jeopardy. Three actually were set. The marks came in the mile walk, an event not contested outdoors (Todd Scully, 5:58); in the women's 440-yard dash, a distance which has become an oddity in this age of metrics and which is seldom timed automatically (Adelphi University's June Griffith, 54.04); and in the 1,000-yard run, but only for an 11-lap track (Villanova's Don Page, 2:05.3).

What truly distinguished the Millrose

continued

Paul Cummings set a blistering pace for the mile field that included (from right) Buerkle, Martee, Coghlan and Walker, but Coghlan kicked home alone only to miss tying a world record by 1



Games, however, was the unrelenting assault on the best-known world indoor records by some of the best-known track athletes in the world. That assault produced 11 meet records, which fell to the likes of Ronaldo Nehemiah (60-yard hurdles), Houston McTear (60-yard dash) and Dan Rapley (pole vault) in addition to Coghlan, Paige, Scully and Griffith. In fact, the Millrose Games produced a record for Millrose Games' records.

One competitor who didn't set a record was high jumper Franklin Jacobs, who has suffered of late from a lack of competition. That may have become a permanent problem as of last Friday, when Dwight Stones, the former world-record holder who is under suspension by the AAU for taking money in Superstars competition, announced that he was giving up his fight for amateur status and turning professional. Professional what? Stones didn't say. Yet without anyone else in the field capable of topping 7' 2", Jacobs cleared 7' 4" and 7' 6" on his first attempt, then missed three tries at a world-record 7' 8 3/4". Nevertheless, afterward he oozed confidence, saying he felt he might be within two weeks of flying 7' 9".

Like Jacobs, Nehemiah was effusive in victory, and, like Coghlan, he may have cost himself a world record because of his theatrics. After winning a heat in 7.04, which would have been a world record a year ago, Nehemiah false-started in the finals and thus was forced to sit in the blocks at the gun for fear of being disqualified. Despite a slow start, he burst so far in front of a field that included UCLA's Greg Foster and San Jose State's Dedy Cooper that he broke stride just short of the tape to thrust a finger into the air. Thus, he ended up missing his own world record of 6.88 by only .02 of a second.

Going into Friday's meet, Nehemiah had achieved five straight world records at distances from 50 to 60 yards. Even though he broke that streak at the Millrose Games, he was obviously pleased. "Up to this point, there were still a few doubts about my dominance," he said after his race, "but now I know, I am No. 1. Come the outdoor season, there is no doubt that the world record is in real jeopardy... and soon."

McTear is also pointing to the outdoor season. His blazing starts make him almost unbeatable indoors, but he has never been able to sustain his advantage over the longer outdoor sprints. Now his coach, Hilton Nicholson, is trying to teach him to run with rhythm, not just with power. "You must have a rhythm in your head," says Nicholson. "It's just like a drum. If you beat it too fast, you just confuse yourself." McTear was running to a slower drummer, but he was still fast enough at the Millrose Games to outprint Harvey Glance and Steve Riddick. His time of 6.09 set a Millrose record but was .04 off the world mark. Like Nehemiah, however, McTear wasn't overly concerned, because the world record is already his.

In the mile, Coghlan thought a 56-second last quarter was needed to win, and, figuring on that, he felt a world record was possible if the field came through

the three-quarter mark in 2:58. And at that point, there was the 26-year-old Irishman, ideally positioned in second place behind Cummings and just ahead of Walker. The P.A. system announced the unofficial split of 2:58.5. "When I heard that," Coghlan said later, "I felt the record was on."

Coghlan overhauled Cummings and at the same time opened a big gap between himself and Walker and Waigwa, both of whom were now giving chase. But Walker eventually faded, and Waigwa couldn't make up any ground. Coghlan, meanwhile, ran the record race he had so perfectly mapped out, only to give the record back at the tape. Still, his 3:55 extended a phenomenal streak. Coghlan has now won 21 of his last 23 indoor races in the mile or the 1,500.

Winning streaks are what focused attention on the 1,000-yard matchup between Paige and Mark Belger. They were



Dan Paige ran behind former Willamette teammate Mark Belger for five laps, then surged past and poured it on to win the 1,000 in a sparkling 2:05.3

teammates at Villanova until Belger graduated last spring, but Coach Jumbo Elliott had never let them run against each other. Coming in to the Millrose, both had extraordinary streaks on the line. Belger had won 20 consecutive races at distances from 800 meters to 1,000 yards. Paige was undefeated indoors this season and last.

Belger knew Paige had more speed so he figured to take the sting out of his rival's kick by building an insurmountable lead. In this strategy he got an unexpected break. With $3\frac{1}{2}$ laps remaining, the race leader, Marcel Philippe of the New York AC, strayed wide, allowing Belger to burst to the fore unchallenged. Paige, forced to go outside, fell slightly behind. Using up a lap and a half, Paige gradually closed the gap, then kicked past Belger just before the gun sounded for the final lap. Belger finally conceded defeat with 20 yards remaining and simply

jogged to his second-place finish. Still, his 2:06.5 was a personal best, and under the old Millrose record of 2:07.1. When he was told his time, Belger just waved a forefinger as if to say, "Big deal." He had reason to be discouraged. The running of the race had worked to his advantage, and he had achieved his fastest time ever, yet Paige had beaten him convincingly.

The only streak Don Ripley earned into the Millrose Games was for consecutive pulled hamstrings. In 1976 he set four world indoor records at heights ranging from 18' 1" to 18' $3\frac{3}{4}$ ", with the latter holding up for the entire 1977 season. Yet despite his records, he had spent most of his time nursing muscle pulls. "When you see Ripley jumping out of the pit with his arms raised in triumph," says his coach, Tom Jennings, "it's not because he cleared the bar. It's because he didn't get injured."

At the start of last season, Ripley decided that instead of chasing records, he would ease into the indoor season, giving his legs a chance to attune themselves to competition. So there he was in Long Beach, Calif., "no heighting" at the opening meet of 1978 as Mike Tully smashed his world record with a jump of 18' 4". Before the season was over, Tully had raised that mark to 18' $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". The record had come at the NCAA meet in Detroit on a vault in which the bar bounced into the air before miraculously coming back to rest steady on the standards.

Ripley resumed hard training as Tully came on. "I had lost my motivation the last couple of years because I held the world record," he said. At the start of this season, Ripley felt ready, but in his first meet, he pulled his left hamstring. He didn't return to competition until two weeks ago. Then, at a meet in Edmonton, Alberta, he ran into worse luck. He was jumping well when an AAU official determined that the vault standards were too springy, when the bar jugged they acted as shock absorbers. Ripley himself furnished some of the proof when he clipped the bar on his last try at 18' $\frac{1}{2}$ ". It flew into the air but landed back on the cushioning standards in a replay of Tully's record jump.

As fate would have it, Ripley then cleared a world-record height of 18' $5\frac{1}{4}$ ", nailing the bar so slightly that he wouldn't have knocked it off if it had been supported on cement stanchions.

Had Ripley not bugged the bar at 18' $\frac{1}{2}$ ", his 18' $5\frac{1}{4}$ " would have been submitted as a world record. "What kills me," said Ripley, "is that I did the same thing as Tully, and he did it on his record jump."

Ripley was the athletes' choice for a world record last Friday night. He didn't start vaulting until the bar was at 17' $8\frac{3}{4}$ ", a height only two others, Tully and Earl Bell, cleared. He won at the next height, 18' $\frac{1}{2}$ ", a Millrose record. Then he had the bar raised to 18' 6" for three world-record tries. His first was close, the next two were not.

Ripley showed no disappointment. When the meet was over, he stood on the Garden floor and analyzed his record tries. "When I came here, I was thinking world record," he admitted, "but when I saw what was going on, I lowered my sights. A win was as good as a record tonight because this was such a great track meet."

END



ANOTHER GRAND SLAM IS BID AND MADE

By employing all his tricks on Guillermo Vilas and Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg won at BocaWest for the third straight year by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors played another one of those Grand Slams in Boca Cola, Fla. last week, or was it Pepsi Raton, Fla.? In any event, while the atmosphere was hardly Wimbledonian, the outcome was the same as when the two rivals annually meet at the All-England Championships.

Borg won again. Won laughing. Won going away. Won, and in so doing repeated his victory of the last two years over the same man in the same event in the same place and with the same soft-drink can being windblown all over the place. The scores this time were 6-2, 6-3 and nobody dared say to Jimbo, "Have a Pepsi Day."

On the other hand, the Sunday that Borg had at BocaWest, which, you guessed it, is due west of Boca Raton, went the way most of his confrontations with Connors have gone lately when they are fought out on any surface other than Jimbo's favorite freeway.

When Connors rushed the net, Borg passed him

On the Har-Tru Sunday Borg set up camp on the baseline, thrashed his top-spins to the distant corners and dared Connors to do anything with them. Early on, Jimbo also elected to stay back and he had four break points in Borg's first two service games. Though he didn't get either break, he did use three delicate drop shots to win the fifth game, a new wrinkle for him. "I could have been up four-love," Connors acknowledged later, "but I wasn't worried. There was a lot of time left."

Well, at least 30 seconds. From 3-2 in the first set, Borg began digging welts in the court with his huge serve, obviously trying to bounce the ball past Connors into Cuba. The Swede took five games running, holding serve easily twice and forcing Jimbo into errors—39 for the match—in Connors' own service games.

By this time Borg had won 40 of the first 68 points and had voluntarily come to the net just one time—on the very first point of the match. Connors seemed befuddled; Borg sensed his confusion. "He was hitting high ones, drops, coming in and then going back and hitting with me," Borg said. "I think he don't know what to do. I was a step ahead of Jimmy all day. When I am really psyched up and feeling well in the legs, I can do a lot of things. I was running to the balls just right."

And to the cash. But so what? Just because Borg's victory earned him the ungodly sum of \$150,000 and Connors' defeat earned him the not entirely godly sum of \$75,000, don't believe there wasn't the devil to pay.

To understand just how dominant a sponsor has become at an event like this, and why, it is only necessary to figure out that the \$300,000 that Pepsi-Cola handed over to the four participating players—Borg, Connors, John McEnroe and Guillermo Vilas—last week was about as much money as the entire field will receive at Wimbledon next summer. In exchange for its largesse, Pepsi and your local Pepsi bottlers worked some

wonders, which included replacing competitors' products at the BocaWest village grocery with Pepsi's own brands, surrounding the courts with what one executive called "signage" (English translation: Pepsi signs) and covering every living, breathing human being with either a Pepsi warm-up suit or a Pepsi T shirt or both. Then, too, in the event members of the media became forgetful, Pepsi made sure the tournament fact sheet led off:

"Official title: Pepsi-Cola Grand Slam of Tennis."

"Abbreviated title: Pepsi Grand Slam."
"Note: Referring to this tournament as the Grand Slam is incorrect."

Because of its "mobile tennis program," a youth-oriented teaching operation now in 60 inner cities, and its worldwide junior tournament circuit, the finals of which were also played last week at BocaWest, Pepsi feels it has paid its dues to the game. "I'm not interested in tennis politics," said Joe Block, a Pepsi vice-president. "I'm interested in selling Pepsi-Cola." With which sentiment CBS could wholeheartedly agree so long as Connors and Borg didn't run over into prime time on Sunday evening.

Further enlivening the contrived proceedings was the same CBS, which came close to switching the finals from a 4 p.m. start back to 1 p.m. (and a tape-delay showing) for fear the match would gallop into *Gone With the Wind*, on a ratings "sweep" night.

"Whatever they decide," said CBS publicist Beano Cook, "I guarantee you that at 6:58 Pat Summerall says, 'And now to Atlanta for the Burning.' Jimmy Connors might not know it, but he's only second in our hearts to Rhett Butler."

Connors had reached the finals by way of a confagration of his own doing, namely a 6-3, 6-4 thrashing of young McEnroe on Friday. This was fiery revenge for the defeat Connors suffered last month at the Masters in New York when he had to retire from his match against the teen-ager because of a blistered foot. At that time the combatants exchanged nasty words, especially after McEnroe had questioned why Jimbo didn't last out the ordeal and take his medicine.

"There are a lot of dead heroes," Connors snapped last week. "Bad feelings? I have bad feelings toward everybody on the court. Actually, it's a compliment when McEnroe is compared to me. But how does he like living in the shadows?"



Ouch. That is precisely what the 19-year-old New Yorker appeared to be playing under in Florida. Since McEnroe's ascension, the kid has preferred a serve-and-volley attack and fast, hard-court surfaces. However, on the Boca clay, amid the Boca wind and chill, he seemed in a strange land indeed, shockingly unable to keep his service returns under control.

It wasn't that McEnroe played so badly in this, his fifth loss to Connors. It was just that he spent the entire afternoon on Friday in futile, defensive positions, and he never could win a big point. Among the six games he lost in the first set, in fact, McEnroe had a game point to win five of them. Then at 4-all in the second set he reached 15-40 with two break points against Connors' serve again—a golden opportunity to go ahead 5-4 and hold his own serve to tie the match. Instead, McEnroe lobbed wide—yes, wide—then hit another return so hilariously deep that the groundkeepers are still looking for it. Connors ran out the game, then broke a disheartened McEnroe in the next game for the match.

In the other semifinal, on Saturday, Vilas looked as if he had fallen out of a boat the way he struggled and ultimately failed again against Borg, 6-3, 6-3. Though the always-charming Vilas said that with a net-cord here and some luck there, he could have won the first set 6-3. Uh-uh.

"I am ready to accept Borg is better player," said Vilas' coach, Ion Tiriac, before the match, "so my guy has to adjust. Two ways to play the Swede. Stay with him, back and forth, back and forth, which case Borg is younger, faster. But impossible. Or attack, which is tougher still. If this is three-of-five sets and match goes into fourth hour, Vilas has great chance. He have great chance last time on clay against Borg in Paris. But he was a dog. Now here. . ."

Here, at two of three sets, Vilas did attack Borg more than he ever has. Alas, his net game is still tentative, at times an embarrassment for a player of such craft and elegance otherwise. Again Vilas was made to pay the price. In the first set Borg merely fired salvos directly at Vilas, who made seven outright errors on easy setup volleys. Despite this, Vilas went ahead a break before squandering his next two service games by being too aggressive and rushing the net on every point. The match was over right then,



Borg's victory was his sixth over Connors in the last nine meetings, and avenged his U.S. Open loss.

Vilas finally defeating himself with a combination of mis-hit volleys and weak approaches from his sliced backhand.

Upon leaving the court after his eighth straight match loss to Borg, Vilas shook his head. "This just means he will have to do it again next time," he said of Borg, "because I will never stop trying to beat him."

Neither, naturally, will Connors. But

maybe the next time he will give credit where due. On Sunday after Borg's sixth victory in the last nine meetings between the two, beginning with the '77 Grand Slam, the champion was asked about Connors' weaknesses. "Just one," he said. "When Jimmy loses, Jimmy can never say other players play well."

Which is as close to a lower-case grand slam as Bjorn Borg ever gets.

END

BRRRRACING FOR 1980

Sub-zero shivers plagued the pre-Olympic meet at Lake Placid, but the town showed it was set for the Games by **WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

The class of the Nordic world was in Lake Placid last week, and for six bone-freezing days the little town's spruced-up Main Street was filled with wide-shouldered men and broad-backed women speaking in a variety of tongues. The occasion was the first major international competitions on the 1980 Olympic sites for cross-country skiing, jumping and the biathlon.

All week a record cold front threatened to overshadow the action. At one point the prize for manly animalism seemed to have been won by a giant bearded Finn named Juha Mieto, who raced the 15-kilometer cross-country course with bare hands on a 10-below-zero day. Mieto was later one-upped by Nikolai Zimyatov, a pale, glaring Russian who not only skied the course without gloves but was also reliably reported to have done it sans underwear.

There were also more standard heroes: a rangy Norwegian with a name fit for a medieval troll king—Oddvar Bra—won both men's cross-country races. And a muscular Soviet woman, Raisa Smetanina, who hails from the sub-Siberian village of Syktyvkar, where there is snow 300 days a year, won both women's races. Finland's Pentti Kokkonen, this year's star on the international circuit, finished second in the 70-meter jump and was so upset by failing to win that he scrambled over three snow fences in an attempt to evade the crowd. "His face was black like thunder," said an awed compatriot. Two days later Kokkonen's face reflected pure sunshine as he won the 90-meter jump.

Almost as impressive as the performances by these athletes was that of Lake Placid's hometown organizers. After months of doubt and doomsaying over the state of the 1980 Winter Olympics, no one would have been surprised if the events had been a frostbitten fiasco from start to finish. As John Bower, director of the U.S. Nordic team and a sometime critic of Lake Placid, said, "Nobody knew quite what to expect, and I think a lot of people, particularly the Europeans, had a pretty low level of expectation. But the meet was excellent in every respect.

The facilities are fine, the organization of events was smooth and the efficiency was tops."

The cross-country courses, set among the birch and pine woods of the Adirondacks, proved to be first-rate both in design and condition. As for the jumps, the 15-story 70-meter and the 26-story 90-meter towers had long been referred to by environmentalists as "high-rise pollution." Indeed, they are perhaps less esthetically pleasing than technically perfect. Though their lines are clean and the architecture appears simple from a distance, they do look like gargantuan coal conveyors looming over the woods. The fact that they have been built side by side (as the environmentalists insisted) is a plus; in effect, it makes for one eyesore rather than two. But if one is interested in jumping from jumps instead of looking at jumps, there is no quarrel; they have been called the best in the world by experts.

The only serious setbacks that occurred during the meet were not man-made but heaven-sent: weather so biting and icy that even those practitioners of Nordic sport—who must be the toughest humans on earth—complained that it was too cold. They were right. Temperatures sank to -38° at night and rarely rose above zero.

The races were consistently delayed from scheduled early-morning starts so that the day might warm up enough to avoid wholesale frostbite. As it was, there were dozens of cases among racers. There was the danger of freezing eyelids if one didn't wear glasses to shut out the wind; but if one wore them, the glasses deflected the sub-zero air downward, resulting in frozen cheeks. One inexperienced young skier, who was an early starter and a late finisher, arrived with both earlobes frozen white and hard as pearls. The biathlon, which involves both cross-country racing and target shooting, was frequently fouled because the friction caused by condensed moisture inside rifle barrels slowed the velocity of the bullets and affected shooting accuracy. As if that were not bad enough, competitors



often pull off their gloves to shoot, and at Lake Placid they found their bare hands stuck to the rifles. One could picture the snow covered with frozen bullets. "What do you guys do in a real war?" asked one spectator.

Aside from the freaky cold, which Lake Placid boosters insisted was fluky, because it usually strikes in January, the competition proceeded without incident, and predictably. The double victory of Oddvar Bra was impressive but not amazing. Bra is currently leading the 1979 Nordic World Cup competition and, though he is only 27, has been in world-class competition for a decade. A farm boy from near Trondheim, he is a celebrity in his country, last year winning national titles at 15, 30 and 50 kilometers. At Lake Placid he won the 15-kilometer event in 43:36.39, an impressive 26 seconds ahead of Sweden's Thomas Wassberg. Bra's victory in the 30-kilometer two days earlier came in a respectable 1:26:05.41, with the gloveless and presumably underwearless Zimyatov in second place, 25 seconds back. Bra's domination of the Lake Placid



Leaping to a conclusion: Pentti Kokkonen placed second in the 70-meter jump and won the 90.

id events could well make him the overwhelming favorite to win an Olympic gold medal or two on the same tracks next February.

Billy Koch, the premier U.S. racer who won a silver medal at Innsbruck, did reasonably well. He finished eighth in the 30-kilometer and seventh in the 15, and in a field of this caliber these are commendable results. "I've been working for three years to peak at the Olympics," Koch says. "I'm happy with my results." He added that he had never raced in colder weather than at Lake Placid. On the downhill legs of the course, where racers hit speeds of about 30 mph, he had peeked through the fingers of a gloved hand held across his face to defend against frostbite. Between races, he tied a bandana over his chin.

In the women's races the Soviets continued their grand dominance. In the 10-kilometer, behind the magnificent Smetanina, who won an Olympic gold medal at Innsbruck and a silver medal at the 1978 world championships in Finland, came Galina Kulakova, 36, winner of seven medals in three Olympics. (Kulakova

is so tough, said one Soviet journalist, that "she has stones in her veins.") Next were Nina Rotecheva and Zinaida Amosova to produce a U.S.S.R. sweep of the first four places. In the 5-kilometer the Soviet women were only slightly less overwhelming. Rotecheva was third behind Smetanina and the Swede Lena Carlzon-Lundback, followed by Kulakova in seventh and Amosova in eighth.

The U.S. hope, Alaska's Alison Owen-Spencer, finished a creditable 12th at 5 kilometers but was a dismal 20th at 10, largely because her skis were badly prepared; they had become slightly warped under the hot waxing iron. It was a sharp disappointment, because she had won a world-class race in Wisconsin last December and recently had twice finished in the top 10 against this same strong competition in Europe.

For the Americans, the finest hour came at the most dramatic event of them all, the 90-meter jump. The U.S. hero was Jim Denney, 21, a slim and shy accounting major from the University of Minnesota at Duluth. In a startlingly strong and polished performance, Denney produced the second-longest jump of the day, 112 meters, and displayed fine form in both leaps to finish third behind the moody Kokkonen and East Germany's Harald Duschek.

Denney's finish was his best in major competition, although he has leaped into the top 10 occasionally, and it was the best individual American mark in 15 years. It was all the more surprising for Denney, who is recovering from an attack of flu, because he had finished 26th in the 70-meter jump two days earlier, an event won by Peter Leitner of West Germany.

"I think the hometown crowd helped," Denney said. "There weren't all that many people, but they were Americans and you could feel their support." And apparently the crowd of some 4,000, largest for any event of the week, also boosted along another American. Chris McNeill, 24, of Polaris, Mont., came in ninth to mark the first time in memory that two U.S. ski jumpers have been in the top 10 of such a classy field.

Perhaps none of the events at Lake Placid can be read as reliable form sheets for the Olympics. Weather conditions will almost certainly be less chilling in 1980—no place could be that cold two years in a row—and the pressures will be more killing. But as for Lake Placid itself, unless the Olympic venues are buried in snow or sabotaged by a thaw—or stomped underfoot by the crowds—the 1980 Olympic Winter Games should be an efficient and happy operation. **END**

Churning along to two victories, Oddvar Brø emerged as a favorite for the 1980 Olympics



RUN OVER BY THE BIG RED MACHINE

The Soviet National Team flew home as champions of the hockey world after making so much borscht of the NHL All-Stars, routing them 6-0 in the finale of the three-game Challenge Cup series and leaving all Canada in shock **by E. M. SWIFT**

Late last Sunday night, Boris Mikhailov, the small, clear-eyed, crooked-nosed captain of the Soviet National Hockey Team, raised a single finger, wagged it in the direction of the Godfather of Canadian hockey, Alan Eagleson, and proceeded to utter the stunning words that no Canadian thought he would ever hear. "Soviets: one," Mikhailov said, smiling. He raised a second finger. "Kanadski: two."

Right you are, Boris. In hockey, Canada is now No. 2.

Mikhailov and his Soviet teammates had just won the first-ever Challenge Cup series—the Battle of the Century, as it was called in Canada—by annihilating the NHL All-Star team 6-0 in the third,

and rubber, game at Madison Square Garden, and for the first time the world of hockey belonged to them. Yes, six-zip. Against Lafleur, Robinson and Potvin. Against Trotter, Bossy and Gillies. Against Clarke, Savard and Sittler. Against Barber and Cheevers. Six-zip.

The Soviets rallied to victory after losing the first game 4-2 on Thursday night and after falling behind 4-2 early in the second period of the second game on Saturday afternoon. For the first 90 minutes of the series it seemed as though the Soviets had left their legs back in Moscow, the NHL players easily beat them to the puck and completely disrupted their normally crisp pass plays. Then, suddenly, the Soviets unleashed their

might, and the final 90 minutes were so one-sided in favor of the U.S.S.R. that the Soviet players seemed to become bored by it all.

In one quick swoop they whipped three goals past a beleaguered Ken Dryden to win the second game 5-4. Once the Soviets went ahead on Vladimir Golikov's goal early in the third period, they spent the rest of the game playing a private game of keep-away with the puck. And then there was the ultimate 6-0 insult on Sunday.

Over the final 90 minutes of play—half the series—the NHL was outscored by an embarrassing 9-0 and got off only 33 shots at Soviet goaltenders Vladislav Tretiak and Vladimir Myshkin.

Once they got their ice set together, the Soviets bruised the All-Stars with their mean but clean body checks and totally defused the NHL's firepower.



"We prepared ourselves as well as we could, and we worked as hard as we could," said Montreal's Bob Gainey. "It's tough to take."

What made it especially tough to take was the fact that the NHL seemed to have the series under control after winning the opening game with ease and enjoying a two-goal lead midway through the second. For a time it appeared that the U.S.S.R. players were more interested in their sightseeing expeditions. On Wednesday some of them had taken in a porn flick while others, wanting to "see a movie with sex, music and a historical background," as Center Vladimir Petrov put it, went to *Superman*.

While the Soviets were sleepwalking, the NHL players were high enough to leap tall buildings at a single bound. It took all of 16 seconds for Guy Lafleur to take a pass from Bobby Clarke, fake Tretiak onto the ice and slide the puck behind him for the first goal of the series. Mike Bossy and Mikhailov traded power-play goals, then Gainey scored the even-

tual game winner by breaking past Defenseman Sergei Starikov and lifting a forehand over the kneeling Tretiak's shoulder for a 3-1 NHL lead.

The Soviets never recovered. The key to the NHL's success was forechecking; muscular forwards such as Clark Gillies and Gainey easily bodied the Soviet defensemen off the puck.

"The Russians played lousy," said Boston General Manager Harry Sinden, who coached the 1972 NHL team that squeaked by the Soviets 4-3-1. "It's true, you only play as well as the other team lets you, but they were making bad plays and bad passes even when they weren't being bothered."

The next day Soviet Forward Vladimir Golikov was asked when a Soviet team would reach the level of the NHL. "Tomorrow," he responded.

Golikov was almost right. However, as the Soviets were elevating their level of play, the All-Stars were lowering theirs. Soon it looked very much as if the winning team from the first night had

exchanged jerseys with the losers. On Saturday, it was the Soviets who forechecked with a vengeance, took slap shots, crashed bodies into the boards and played with such emotion that even the normally stoic Mikhailov struck the boards with a stick when a teammate scored.

Despite controlling the play, the Soviets trailed 4-2 when the second period was only five minutes old. To that point, Tretiak—thought by many to be the world's premier goaltender—had made just three saves. On checking into the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with his teammates, Tretiak had cracked, "If this is Broadway, where are the girls?" Clearly, his mind was not on hockey.

Later in the second period, Defenseman Barry Beck was penalized for boarding by Soviet referee Victor Dombrovsky. Such a call likely would not have been made by either of the NHL referees who worked Games 1 and 3, but it was not a horrible call by any means. Beck had crashed into Alexander Skvort-

continued

The picture Canadians thought they'd never see: Defenseman Vasilev (left) and Captain Mikhailov, who scored the winning goal, hoisting the cup in triumph.





Trebak preserved the 5-4 win in the second game by making a sliding save on Steve Shutt



Baldern, who scored a goal in Game 3, dazzled the AU-Stars with his speed and slick moves.

THE SOVIETS continued

sov with such force that the latter's helmet flew off. "It was a score call," said NHL Coach Scotty Bowman, meaning that the referee was particularly watching the team with the lead. "We get them in the NHL, too."

With five seconds remaining on Beck's penalty, Mikhailov—standing in the slot—scooped a shot past Dryden to close the NHL lead to 4-3. Forty-five seconds later, Clarke, who had said after the first game that he didn't think the Soviets were trying on the face-offs, lost a face-off to Victor Zhulkov and—pop—Sergei Kapustin scored to tie the game 4-4. Clarke was the most surprised man on the rink; the Soviets won only 88 of 240 face-offs in the three games.

"The series got out of our hands when we blew that 4-2 lead," said Bill Torrey, the general manager of the NHL team. "That showed the Soviets that all of their training wasn't in vain."

If the NHL had been able to take a two-goal lead into the third period, it no doubt would have won the game and the series. As it was, Vladimir Golikov scored the winning goal early in the third period. In all, the NHL was outshot 31-16. Said one NHL official, "The Russians had the puck 70% of the time, and 40% of the time that they had it, it was bouncing. Give them a flat puck, and I'd hate to see where we'd have been."

The Madison Square Garden ice surface was wretched; some of the cavities in the ice were almost like potholes. The Millrose Games had been held in the Garden the night before, and the ice had to be removed following the opening game. The new sheet of ice never had time to take good form. The reason for the afternoon start on Saturday, even though the game would be played on ice that sneakers could grip, was—tantara!—the once and future NHL network-television contract.

In devising the Challenge Cup format and scheduling all three games in Manhattan, the NHL figured that once CBS, NBC and ABC got a whiff of the excitement stirring in the Big Apple when Soviet hockey came to town, they would fall all over their billboards trying to outbid one another for national TV rights. But the only falling done last week was by the National Hockey League—on its face, in front of 250 million television viewers in Europe and Canada, and a

continued

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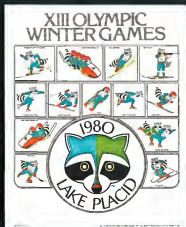
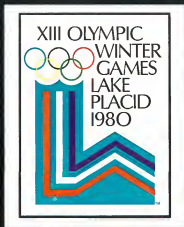
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yawning New York City, which almost ignored the Series of the Century.

There was no local excitement over a series of immense significance to the hockey world. Promotion was nil, and U.S. network interest was limited to a quick showing of highlights on the CBS *Sports Spectacular*—heavily edited to blot out the advertising on the boards.

Madison Square Garden is a miserable place to watch hockey because of its poor sight lines, and when the majority of the seats cost \$25, it is also an outrageous place to watch hockey. Asked how the NHL could justify asking fans to pay such a price, Torrey said, "Do you have any idea how much it costs to feed the Soviet hockey team for a week at the Waldorf? I had breakfast there this morning, and it cost \$28 for two people. They eat a lot more than me."

By Sunday night, no one had any better idea who might win than before the first game. The first match was totally dominated by the NHL; the second by the Soviets. In both games the aggressor had been the winner. "They played an excellent game Saturday and beat us by a goal," Gainey said. "Today we'll have to play a more offensive game, starting from our own end. We had trouble getting three people skating up together in our loss. They kept breaking up our rushes, and I don't think we were as ready mentally as everyone thought we were."

In a surprise, both sides changed goaltenders for the deciding game. The NHL switched to Boston's Gerry Cheevers, whose stickhandling outside the net was expected to help the NHL defense cope with the Soviet ploy of dumping the puck in and chasing it. The U.S.S.R. went with a 5'7" shaggy-haired blond named Vladimir Myshkin, who would be playing his first game for the National Team.

The scoreless first period was the roughest of the series. The NHL wanted to test the inexperienced—and no doubt nervous—Myshkin early, but the Soviets nervous him with such solid checking support that he didn't even see a shot until the period was more than eight minutes old. Myshkin was at his best early in the second period, when he robbed Gilbert Perreault and Lefleur at a time when the NHL seemed ready to get its act together. Then Mikhailov, the Soviets' most valuable player, took a pass from Alexander Golikov at the blue line, skated right, froze Beck with a faked drop pass and snapped a shot six inches off

the ice just inside the far post. Cheevers never had a chance. It was the Soviets' first shot of the period and the only goal they would need.

Two minutes later, Zhiukov poked in a power-play goal from the crease for a 2-0 lead, and there were raised arms and cheers from the U.S.S.R. bench and its players on the ice. The Soviets scored four more goals during a six-minute span in the third period and the rout was complete. Their passing was uncanny; their skating tireless. They took brutal, sometimes vicious checks—and retaliated with goals. Afterward, Gillies said, "Nothing seems to bother them. They don't show any pain when you hit them, and that gets frustrating."

Cheevers admittedly did not play well, particularly once Helmut Balders scored to give the Soviets a 3-0 lead, but on his finest night Cheevers' team would not have come within three goals of the Soviets. And they did it without the three best-known names in Soviet hockey: Tretiak, who was benched, Valery Kharlamov, who suffered a Charley horse in the first game, and Alexander Yakushev, who is 33 and considered to be over the hill. "In 1972 the Soviets had better individuals," Clarke said. "They used to try to beat you one-on-one. Now their team very seldom tries that. They just moved the puck around like crazy on us. This is a better team. If they had a weakness, we never found it."

When the series was over, Bowman was awestruck. He didn't even bother to single out specific players who might have helped or hurt the NHL. "I don't think two or three men could have made a difference," he said. He shook his head in admiration of the Soviets. "They're beautiful skaters, eh? Beautiful skaters, wewew!" Asked if that was not the difference between his own team, the Montreal Canadiens, and the NHL's norm, Bowman thought for a moment and said, "I suppose on some nights we can get going like that. On our level."

The NHL selected the team it wanted and was satisfied it had performed at its best. So the guard has changed. And now the NHL must certainly rephrase this description: *The Stanley Cup. Awarded annually to the team winning the National Hockey League's best-of-seven final playoff round. It is symbolic of the World's Hockey Championship.*

Better still, the NHL might as well give the Stanley Cup to the Soviets, too. **END**



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LIFE OR DEATH FOR A RED LADY

Crested Butte is a beaut of a spot whose mountain glows in the sunset, but a mine could make it a molehill

by SAM MOSES

It is extremely difficult to hide a town for very long and, alas, Crested Butte has been rediscovered. Crested Butte, population about 1,000, is a 19th-century mining town tucked away in a protected nook of the Colorado Rockies south of Aspen. It sits at an altitude of 8,800 feet at the north end of the sparsely settled East River Valley, which is sweet green in the summer, warm gold in autumn and brilliantly white in winter. Mornings in Crested Butte at this time of year are so bright and brisk that they hurt the eye. Afternoons are so pink and still that the effect is hypnotic.

Twenty-five years ago Crested Butte was all but busted after 75 years as a mining boomtown. Recently it has been making a slow comeback as a recreation area. In the mountains surrounding the valley—which glides south for 28 miles from Crested Butte to Gunnison, the county seat—there is hiking, climbing and hunting, particularly for elk. There is kayaking and trout and salmon fishing in the white-water streams. In the summer, hot-air balloons and hang gliders soar over the meadows. Near the mouth of the valley lies Blue Mesa Reservoir, the largest body of water in the state, where there is boating, water skiing and more fishing. The ski resort on Crested Butte mountain offers 35 runs, and at the base of the area is a network of some of the best Nordic trails in the country.

But along with Crested Butte's new-found renown as a recreational area has come the prospect of renewed mining. And the town is reacting as might be expected—it is squirming.

Molybdenum (pronounced moh-lib'-de-num and often called "moly") has been found two miles from town, on 12,414-foot Mount Emmons. This is the peak the locals call Red Lady because of its color, a stunning rouge, at sunset. The find is conservatively estimated to be worth \$2 billion. Some say it may be the third-largest known molybdenum deposit in a world that devours the mineral. Molybdenum, a metallic element of the chromium group, is used primarily to strengthen steel, but it is also used in the production of lubricants, fertilizer, rubber and paint.

The mining company that made the huge find on Red Lady is the nation's largest, American Metal Climax Inc.

(AMAX), 20% of which is owned by Standard Oil of California. Although Mount Emmons is public land, managed by the U.S. Forest Service, AMAX has the legal right to take minerals from it. Environmentalists complain that the U.S. Mining Act of 1872, as amended in 1955, the law that applies, is woefully antiquated and inadequate, but it has survived repeated attempts at repeal because of the strength of mining interests, whose ranks include several Western senators and congressmen.

AMAX would like to build an underground mine on Mount Emmons, going in through the old Keystone mine, which was abandoned in 1975 and sold to AMAX in 1977. The new mine would be operational in six to eight years and could extract from 10,000 to 30,000 tons of earth a day for 20 to 30 years. When the molybdenum is gone, the mountain will be gone, too. Red Lady will have "subsided"—she will have shrunk to an unimpressive mound.

Though it is conceded that AMAX has the legal right to subside a public mountain for private profit, the question now being debated in Gunnison County is whether or not it has the moral right, especially without the approval of the citizens. There also is disagreement as to whether or not AMAX has the technical ability to mine the molybdenum cleanly. And if the answer is yes, how can the community keep less responsible miners from charging into the valley?

"Crested Butte is the hottest issue in U.S. preservation today," says Arthur C. Townsend, Colorado's historic-preservation officer. "It is so complex and it includes so many currently significant national issues. There's the historical value, the potential archeological, recreational, wilderness and educational values. There is a tremendous resource and mining potential to consider. It's all there and it challenges the way this country traditionally makes decisions."

Stan Dempsey is a vice-president of AMAX and its director of environmental control. He is a roundish, avuncular man, pleased to be involved with the Mount Emmons project because it keeps him near the mountains he loves. He believes

There's molybdenum in that thin hill, 12,414-foot Mount Emmons, which is also known as Red Lady

mining in the Rockies is necessary and a fact of life.

"The fact that a mineral deposit that size exists means that society will get at it one way or another at some point in time," says Dempsey. "There are a lot of communities involved that have a stake

in Mount Emmons besides Crested Butte. Gunnison County has a stake, so does the state of Colorado, so does the nation, so does the world. Who has the right to say you can't have a mine on Mount Emmons? We have a national minerals policy that encourages us to go out and

find a Mount Emmons and mine it. This is the very best area in the world to look for minerals. I think the question is not should we get at these minerals, but how do we get at them and do the best possible job?

"Over the past 10 or 15 years I've made

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL NISAKI



my career on the constructive resolution of problems of this sort. If I said there were no problems, I would sound silly. But the only way we're ever going to learn to deal with them is to go out and find out about them. Anybody with two eyes can see that this is an incredibly beautiful place, that there are some very important wildlife resources, and we're simply got to work to handle any problems we might have with those resources. For example, we know there are winter wildlife ranges in the East River Valley that some people feel may be threatened by our activities. There is a deer range and a bighorn-sheep range, and they overlap. We've got the best wildlife people we know working cooperatively with the state. We're conducting a study to look at the migratory paths for elk. If we find that elk do go through any area where we are operating—if we find problems—I expect we'll either mitigate them or avoid them.

"We have a selfish interest in learning how to do this, because if we can't gain community acceptance, we can't gain access to the minerals. We've got to protect the environment and it's a challenge; we recognize the significance of Crested Butte. Mount Emmons is the first of a new generation of mines."

The man who is orchestrating the anti-mine movement is Myles Rademan, the Crested Butte town planner. Rademan, a lawyer, is a transplanted Easterner, like many residents who discovered the place when it was more of a ghost town. He and Demossey share a mutual respect. The people of Crested Butte are counting on Rademan to save the day.

"AMAX says the world needs molybdenum, but we say the country needs healthy use of the land more," Rademan says. "From the town's perspective, AMAX created the need—it exports approximately half of the moly it mines anyhow. That's part of American capitalism: creating a demand. Well, why should AMAX have the right to define need any more than the people who live on the land?"

"The problem is, the same geological conditions that create minerals create all this beautiful land so ripe for recreation. The mineral belt is here in the center of the state, in the heart of existing Wilderness Areas, proposed Wilderness Areas and Forest Service land. So what we're

talking about is basically incompatible uses of the land. Unfortunately, the law provides mining with first rights to that land. Yet everything the government has done points to this as a recreation area. It has designated national monuments around here. Crested Butte is one of maybe six towns in Colorado in the National Registry of Historic Places. The ski area is on federal land, and no one has even measured how significant we are as a watershed for all of the Southwest. The edge of the valley lies just 15 or 20 miles west of the Continental Divide, and the headwaters of the Colorado River are here. All of this indicates that this is a national playground and scenic area. You can't change the fact that the East River Valley is a national treasure."

Rademan is not always comfortable playing savior. "I don't want to paint this all black and white," he says, "as if they're evil. They like hunting and fishing, too. They're concerned with the environment. I just think they're myopic. They think they can mine without disrupting the environment, but they're going to have to be magicians. All last summer, hikers and game and even fish were scared to death by the helicopters and dynamite blasting—and that was just part of AMAX's exploratory process."

"The people who live here aren't out to make money off the land; we are sort of caretakers. We were very lucky to have a place like Crested Butte to come to, and we feel a responsibility to preserve it for people who will want to come here in the future."

Central to the controversy, although possibly affected least by the outcome, is Howard (Bo) Callaway, who, with a partner, has owned the Crested Butte Mountain Resort ski area since 1970. Callaway's position is unique in its security; he is the only principal who stands to gain either way. He is carefully keeping a muddle-of-the-road posture.



Town Planner Myles Rademan (right) heads up anti-mine forces; District Ranger Mike Curran is hopeful recreation and industry can coexist



Callaway is no stranger to controversy. A former Georgia Congressman and Secretary of the Army, he resigned as President Ford's campaign manager after it was revealed that while he was Secretary of the Army he had held discussions in his Pentagon office with Forest Service officials about his resort and some of its problems. Before taking the government job, Callaway had asked to expand his resort on the Forest Service-managed land. The approval came after he left the job. Vigorous investigation by both the Justice Department and a Senate subcommittee cleared Callaway of any influence peddling. Callaway now sees himself as a

full guy, and many people in Crested Butte sympathize with him.

Callaway has the air of a good old 'boy gone fishin'. In his office, at the foot of the gondola lift, he usually wears a faded corduroy or plaid shirt, old corduroy pants supported by a belt with a Crested Butte buckle, hiking boots and frayed, drooping socks. When he speaks of his mountain, he is enraptured. "I'm prejudiced, but I really believe it's the finest ski area in America," he says. "Because we're so high, we get more snow than most of the other mountains. We're the only butte in Colorado where there's skiing, and by being isolated, the mountain doesn't feel squeezed. From the top you see broad vistas. There is no evidence of man in view—not a road, not a house, nothing but absolute nature. When the mountain gets the afternoon sun, it's the prettiest mountain in the world."

"Far as the mine goes, I don't feel threatened. Some of the exploratory drilling sites over on Mount Emmons can be seen from certain spots on the slopes, but I don't believe anyone will ever stay away from Crested Butte because Mount Emmons is being mined. The subsiding of Mount Emmons is inevitable, and I won't like that—it's so damn pretty, Red Lady is a very pretty mountain—but I guess

you can look at it as if it had never been there in the first place."

There are rarely any ski-lift lines at Crested Butte, which indicates that perhaps the resort is not operating profitably. "AMAX has indicated to me at the highest level that they want a well-run ski area here," Callaway says. He doesn't deny that if the resort encounters financial difficulty—such as those brought about by the drought two winters ago—that "AMAX would be very receptive if we went to them and said, 'Hey, we need financial help.'"

Callaway owns another 160-acre chunk of land in the nearby North Pole Basin. AMAX may test drill for moly on a ridge of Forest Service land in the basin, and should the company find and decide to work it, crews would need access across Callaway's land to get to the deposit. Callaway says he has "definite plans for a really great" trout-fishing area there and allows that mining in the basin, roughly half a mile away, would be in sight of the fishing area.

"I was sick when they told me about their plans to put a drill rig up there next summer," he says. "Drilling for moly up there is not my idea of what to do. But I can't stop them; by law they can do it. I'm not going to harass them by denying access; my attorneys have told me that if I fight them I might be able to delay it for a year, but they would eventually get access anyhow. So I'm willing to go up there with them and see how we can do it with minimum disturbance."

"Bo is a charming guy, but he is not a man of courage," says Myles Rademan.

Jim Houston is the area manager for the Colorado Division of Wildlife. He is a tall, wiry man who has been working in the outdoors for 24 years. He has a keen sense of humor, but his jaw sets when he discusses the potential effect of the mine to wildlife in the valley.

"This could be a landmark confrontation over industry use of public land," he says. "The theory of the federal government is to operate land as its lowest possible level—that's the theory, anyhow. The state is supposed to stay neutral in all this, so let's say my personal feelings are a lot stronger than my professional feelings. This is probably the best valley in the state for game. If exciting hunting exists in the state, it's here: deer and elk, black bear, a few cougar, even a

continued



Ski area owner Bo Callaway (left) is baited and between, AMAX vice Stan Denney feels that problems can be avoided or mitigated



herd of bighorn sheep. The biggest impact is probably going to be on the elk. We're pretty sure we have 10,000 elk in this valley, and in 1977 we had 12,963 hunters, who took 3,155 elk. There were 7,541 deer hunters, who took 3,541 deer. People talk about the mine being a good influence on the economy, but aren't all those hunters a tremendous influence on the economy, too?

"This is difficult. AMAX is doing exploratory drilling all over the place already, and there's no telling where they'll eventually mine. Last summer the sky was full of helicopters, and there was a month where they set off a blast what seemed like every few minutes. To be fair, we see no indication that there has been any serious disruption to the game so far; the animals just go to the other side of the mountain. But 20 to 30 years down the line, there will be no other side of the mountain.

"If AMAX comes in we'll have 10,000 more people in the county—that's double the population—but I think if other companies come, we could conservatively have 20,000 more people, and how do you assess that impact? Just the sheer volume of their activity will disrupt elk and deer migratory patterns. Their snow machines, their dogs . . . it's going to knock the hell out of wildlife. AMAX has already spent \$200,000 on a study to try to determine elk migratory patterns, and we appreciate that because our department certainly couldn't afford that kind of study, but so far it hasn't really been conclusive.

"The key to the whole thing is the big-game wintering range. Gunnison County has something over 3,000 square miles, 82% of which is federally owned. About 10%, or 376 square miles, is all that's available as wintering range for wildlife after everything gets snowed in in the high country. Half of that 10% is privately owned land the Forest Service doesn't manage. AMAX is continually negotiating to buy part of that land, or possibly they already have—they're secretive as hell about it. If we lose that land, we lose the big game. The worst that can happen is the game can dramatically starve by the hundreds or thousands; more likely a few will drop here and there, a few will migrate to another valley, and the vast majority will just disappear and we'll have no idea where they went."



A typical Red Lady resident, this Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep is facing possible eviction.

Gunnison County is crisscrossed with trout streams offering some 825 miles of some of the best fishing in the state. Along the East River between Crested Butte and Gunnison is the Roaring Judy state hatchery, one of the three largest in the state and the only one breeding salmon. Every year the Roaring Judy releases 3½ to 4 million fingerling trout, as well as 700,000 catchable rainbows into the southwest part of the state.

The superintendent of the hatchery, Ray McDonald, is cautious about the possible deleterious effect of a mine, but he isn't alarmed. "On the average, I don't think we're going to be affected too much by it," he says. "The biggest effect might be from the tailings pond AMAX is talking about building in Alkali Basin about six miles from here. [A tailings pond is a reinforced pit serving as a depository for the earth removed from a mine. After being processed to extract the molybdenum, the earth is slimy and semipossonous. For every 100 pounds of earth re-

moved from Mount Emmons, 99.6 pounds would become tailings. It is estimated that Alkali Basin could hold 305 million tons.] From Alkali Basin, there is a gradual slope that runs down to the East River. I suppose if the tailings pond leaked, five or six miles of the East River would be polluted. If there was an earthquake or a flood, the Gunnison River would also probably be contaminated, maybe 20 to 25 miles of streams altogether, and they all flow into Blue Mesa Reservoir. But I'm sure any tailings pond would be solid. I presume AMAX will take every precaution they can so that a break won't happen, because a break would be catastrophic.

"AMAX is wanting to do the right thing, and I'm sure they are. We're all concerned about groundwater as well as stream water, and AMAX is making monthly and quarterly water-quality reports. They're testing the trout in country streams for minerals and monitoring fish population. AMAX is doing all that

voluntarily. I'm all for that kind of thing.

"A mine is going to be good for this country. It will help the working man. Mining is the root of our existence; everything comes from the earth. Everything changes. If we didn't have change, we'd all be dinosaurs. I don't know how you can stop it. I don't know if you want to. It's federal land, it belongs to everybody."

The one man in Gunnison County holding the most potential power in the issue is Mike Curran, the district ranger. Curran is in charge of compiling the official Environmental Impact Statement on the proposed mine, a job that could take a minimum of 18 more months. He accepts the responsibility with resignation rather than relish. Curran spends a lot of his time explaining what the Forest Service cannot do, which is:

- Deny any valid mineral development application.
- Deny the exploratory and development activities of any bonafide mining concern.
- Restrict any reasonable mining activities.

His power lies in the interpretation of the word "reasonable." The Crested Butte Town Council would define the word one way, AMAX would define it another.

"This is a classic case, and I think it's enormously significant," says Curran. "It's just the tip of the iceberg. It's a prototype for the '80s. AMAX has told us they intend to have a mine here and, under the terms of the 1872 law, actually they can do nearly anything they want. But they're trying to bend over backward to go along with us. They're striving to go beyond any environmental protections that have ever been taken.

"There would be some advantages to the mine environmentally and recreationally. Some of the Forest Service land they need is scrub land, and we have a system of land exchanges—that is, AMAX will buy private land suitable for recreation, then trade it to the Forest Service for scrub land in a location they need. Or, for mitigation purposes, AMAX could buy private recreational land and simply donate it to the Forest Service. The mine would also help some aspects of the recreation economy, such as motorcycle, snowmobile and four-wheel-drive dealers, and it would prob-

ably benefit the ski area. That's about it for the pluses. For the minuses, if the mine comes, I don't think the actual on-site deterioration of esthetics will be major, but I see a shift to motorized recreation—from backpacking to four-wheel driving, from cross-country skiing to snowmobiling—and from experience we've learned that motorized recreationists are more consumptive; they don't have the concern backpackers have, they use the environment without preserving it.

"The elk will probably be driven down to the valley floor and get into the haystacks. Farmers will begin shooting them, requesting longer seasons. There will be more poaching and hunting out of season. I see an increase in private-land violations: hunting without permission, gates left open, which will force ranchers to lock gates that now provide the only access to Forest Service land. Certainly we will have an increase in fire risk. We'll have to deal with increased recreational vandalism, something we have virtually none of now, so we'll have to bone up on our Forest Service law enforcement.

"We'll have to try and make the best of the situation. This is some of the most beautiful country in the world, and I believe the National Forest should be available for a balance in its use. In some cases recreation and industry can coexist, and I hope this could be one of them."

Generally, Gunnison County is not opposed to the mine. There are nearly 200 ranches in the county, and the ranchers hold the political power. Most believe the economic advantages of a mine will outweigh the social, environmental and recreational disadvantages, and they are cautiously hospitable to AMAX.

While the confrontation has been building, one of those most passionately involved is Crested Butte's mayor, W. Mitchell (that is his legal name). Mitchell's role seems to be to focus national interest on the issue. He goes to Washington at every opportunity, revealing in the personal attention he receives, which is a lot. Mitchell lost most of both hands in a motorcycle crash, which also disfigured his face. Later, in a crash of his private plane, his legs were paralyzed; he now is wheelchair-ridden. Neither accident seems to have slowed him down nor dampened his spirit.

The anti-mine sentiment in Crested

Butte seemed to crystallize in December, and the seven-member Town Council is expected to make a unanimous and formal anti-mine statement soon, reflecting the findings of a town panel called the Future Shock Commission.

"After I was elected in November of 1977," Mitchell says, "I decided I would take a year to wait and see and look at things. Last November AMAX sponsored a tour of boom towns in the West, and what we saw was worse than even we imagined. Like the Loch Ness monster, it was kind of hard before to picture the problem because we couldn't see it, but now the monster has come out of the swamp. What we've seen is impending disaster for this community. I see no way that this mine is going to benefit Gunnison County. If AMAX succeeds here, this will become a mining district again. It will be just the beginning.

"Oh, AMAX is going to mitigate and all that crap. They're going to paint their buildings green and they're going to treat Coal Creek—that's the creek that runs through town and is already badly polluted from past mining operations. And 30 years from now they'll try to grow grass over the top of the tailings pond—which is a euphemism, by the way; the oldtime miners know them as slime pits. Call one a tailings pond in front of an old-timer and he'll know you're a turkey.

"But AMAX is not willing to consider that this mine should not be built at all. We feel AMAX should back down, withdraw—not abandon the project entirely, but put it on the back burner, turn to their other projects until they can prove they have the technology to mine the moly in Mount Emmons without affecting the environment. I think that's the only way AMAX can prove what they've been saying, that they are a responsible company. This would be a case of them saying, 'Well, we can see a lot of money in moly, but the cost to this community won't be worth it.' If AMAX doesn't back away, this whole thing will probably end up in court."

There is a sign in Crested Butte that seems to express the town's sentiment. It hangs in the largely oak lobby/restaurant/bar of the century-old Forest Queen Hotel, the hotel at the end of town on polluted Coal Creek. The sign says: CRESTED BUTTE LOVES IT . . . BY LEAVING IT THE WAY YOU FOUND IT. END

Set on a wooded hillside on the campus of Ohio's picturesque Kenyon College, Shaffer Pool is a strange little building with a peaked glass roof that is better suited for nurturing buttercups than butterflyers. And, in fact, it is nicknamed the Greenhouse. The unique swimming pool was built in 1935 at a cost of \$35,000, and its roof now leaks when it rains or snows. Worse, some of its 1,300 panes of glass usually shatter in high winds. The pool sizzles on warm days and is costly to heat in winter.

The Greenhouse has other drawbacks. It originally was equipped with two diving boards, but because the water is no more than nine feet deep at any point, too shallow for safety, the three-meter board was removed years ago, leaving just a one-meter board. The 25-yard pool is only 30 feet wide, with the result that swimmers, squeezed at meets into six narrow and choppy lanes, all but lock arms as they race. Kenyon swimmers convert the pool to four wider lanes for workouts, but the water is still crowded and turbulent; a few weeks ago freestyler Steve Penn collided with a teammate while swimming laps and broke a thumb. Because of the glass roof, the sound of all those churned-up waves reverberates like the roar of the ocean. When the pool is filled to capacity—meaning 150 spectators—even a conversational buzz can be deafening as well as disconcerting.

pleasant for the backstrokers. And after weathering the rough water here, when we get into a good pool, we fly."

He said, fly. Next week Steen's team will temporarily quit noisy, crowded, inadequate Shaffer Pool, pile into minibuses and head north across central Ohio's rolling farmland on an 80-mile trip to Oberlin College near Cleveland. The occasion is the three-day Ohio Athletic Conference championships, at which Kenyon's Lords will take on host Oberlin, Denison, Wooster, and any other of the 14 conference members that show up. That most of these schools generally do so is a tribute to the resiliency of the human spirit. Barring a cataclysmic upheaval, Kenyon will easily win its 26th straight OAC championship, extending what is already one of the longest collegiate-conference win streaks in history. And the school will again provide what has become an annual reminder that you don't always need multimillion-dollar facilities to excel in college sports.

Kenyon's swimmers also will prove that a small, select, private liberal-arts college needn't be left completely out in

Kenyon swims in a glass house, but for 25 years no one has had a ghost of a chance of breaking its streak

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



IT'S A REAL CAMPUS HAUNT

For all that, Kenyon Coach Jim Steen manages to find kind words to say about the pool. Of course, he has to raise his voice to make himself heard over the din. "The pool is grossly inadequate," he shouted the other afternoon as his swimmers sloshed through a workout. "I said, inadequate. But it's got character. The guys can see the sky and trees, which is—I said sky and trees—which is especially

the athletic cold. Founded in 1824 to train Episcopal clergymen, Kenyon occupies a hilly campus sheltered by ancient oaks and maples and adorned by Gothic buildings and broad lawns. For most of its history, Kenyon was an all-male, church-affiliated school of some 400 students. It aspired to academic excellence, and to judge by the quality of its graduates, that aspiration was fulfilled. Alumni include a

President, Rutherford B. Hayes, a couple of Supreme Court Justices, poet Robert Lowell and novelist E. L. Doctorow. Not to mention Bill Veeck, who spent a year on campus in the early '30s.

In recent years, Kenyon has gone coed, loosened its ties with the church and expanded enrollment to 1,450. Today, Kenyon's men and women walk beneath the spires and arched doorways in T-shirts



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ KLUETMEER

reading KENYON IS NOT NEAR UGANDA. Actually the campus, located in the sleepy hamlet of Gambier, is not near much of anything. The closest movie house, McDonald's and Burger King are 35 miles away. But Kenyon is very much in the intellectual mainstream, especially with the return of *The Kenyon Review*, the famed literary quarterly with which the school was long identified. The highbrow publication died in 1970 for financial reasons but was recently revived amid a flurry of press conferences and high expectations. Kenyon is also excited over its new 400-seat theater. It opened last

fall with a play directed by another old grad, Paul Newman ('49), who scooted around campus in a blue Datsun for several weeks.

As a rule Kenyon doesn't fare all that well in sports. The OAC forbids athletic scholarships and off-campus recruiting and its members all compete in the NCAA's Division III. OAC schools are all private and more or less selective but by reputation, Oberlin and Kenyon have the most exacting academic and admission standards. Given this, it is not surprising that Kenyon defers to conference rivals in most sports. Thus, Baldwin-

Wallace is the OAC power in football, Wittenberg in basketball, Marietta in baseball and Mount Union in track.

But swimming, well, that one belongs to Kenyon. The Lords win the OAC swimming championship and that's simply how it's been for 25 years. It doesn't matter that Kenyon hasn't hosted the OAC's since 120-odd competitors somehow shoehorned themselves into the Greenhouse for the 1959 meet. Or that it has had five coaches during the quarter century of the streak. Or that in certain earlier years, another school, Denison, may actually have been stronger. In

continued

1965, Denison beat Kenyon in a dual meet and was favored to snap the Lords' conference streak at 11. But in the championships Kenyon came up with unexpectedly strong performances and won 238% to 227%. In 1974, with the streak at 20, Denison again was favored and was leading after 16 of the 18 events. The Big Red collapsed in the last two events and Kenyon won 453-435.

Wooster has since supplanted Denison as Kenyon's chief pursuer, but the Lords don't experience many close calls anymore. In 1976, Jim Steen's first year as coach, Kenyon extended its streak to 23 by winning 11 of 18 events to defeat Wooster 622-327. The 295-point margin remains an OAC record. In 1977, the Lords again won 11 events and beat Wooster by 239% points as Steen kept two of his best swimmers out of the OAC meet to save them for the Division III national championships. Last year, Kenyon took seven events and beat Wooster by 207 points as Steen saved three men for the nationals.

Under the circumstances, the Lords can probably be excused for taking No. 26 for granted. They have six of last year's nine Division III All-Americans back, as well as a strong crop of freshmen. Ducking into his closet-size office

and shutting the door so that he could talk without hollering, Steen said, "If anything, we're getting stronger. This is the best team Kenyon has had." Just then the pool's scoreboard clock stopped at zero, the cue for Kenyon's swimmers to engage in a favorite pre-OAC meet ritual. As the clock resumed ticking off the seconds, they could be heard chanting, "One . . . two . . . three. . . ." On they went to 26, this year's magic number.

Such behavior may seem slightly presumptuous, but the fact is that Steen's men, like most swimmers, are a conservative breed, which is why they gravitate toward schools with proved records. After all, when you train three or four hours a day, as swimmers do, you're not about to attend just any old school, right? The result is that swimming, at least on the conference level, abounds in dynasties. When Kenyon won its 17th straight OAC title in 1970, it surpassed Yale's straight league championships from 1946 to 1961. Since then, Southern Methodist has also eclipsed Yale's mark and now has won 22 straight Southwest Conference titles. Indiana has amassed 18 consecutive Big Ten championships, North Carolina State has reigned for eight years in the Atlantic Coast Conference and Southern Cal and Tennessee have won the Pac-10 and Southeastern Conference, respectively, seven years running. So it goes in swimming, success begetting success *ad infinitum*.

In building the longest streak of all, Kenyon has enjoyed an embarrassment of small-college riches. Its present team consists of 23 swimmers from 10 states, the best being Captain Tim Bridgham, a senior from Rockville, Md. who has won the national Division III title in the 100-yard backstroke the last two years. Bridgham didn't compete in the OAC meet either year; he's one of the stars Steen kept out. Ohioans Tim Glasser and Steve Penn also sat out last year's conference meet and won national titles—Glasser in the 100 butterfly and Penn as a member of an 800-yard freestyle relay team that also included Bridgham and Glasser. So who does swim in the conference meet? Steve Counsell, a sophomore from Ann Arbor, Mich., for one. All Counsell did at last year's OAC championships was win three individual events and compete on a relay team that won a fourth.

Kenyon's obvious overkill proves that it is possible for a lot of relatively big fish to crowd into the same small pond. Some

of Kenyon's current swimmers could have competed at major schools as walk-ons, but few, if any, would have commanded athletic scholarships. In taking the Division III route, they figured, in the best tradition of their sport, they might as well go with a winner. Swimming, for the most part, is an upper-middle-class activity, and neither Kenyon's stiff academic requirements nor \$4,040 tuition proved any great deterrent. Besides, financial aid is available on a need basis and 10 swimmers currently receive such assistance. Most of Steen's swimmers are at least B-average students, and Penn, a junior who majors in chemistry, has better than a straight A average, having received a couple of A-pluses.

"Academics come first at Kenyon," says Steen. "Since our guys don't get athletic scholarships, you can't force them to swim. If they have an exam, they simply miss practice."

"In Division I there's a lot more pressure," says freshman Andy Sappey, a distance freestyler from Warren, Ohio. "Here we do it because we love it."

What keeps Kenyon swimmers loving it is the sort of success best exemplified by Bridgham. In high school, Bridgham's best time in his 100 backstroke specialty was 57.5, not fast enough to attract big-time recruiters. Improving steadily at Kenyon, he won the Division III national last year with a 53.49. John Naber's Division I record is 49.36, but Bridgham refused to let that melancholy fact bother him as he nursed a Coke on a snowy evening in the warmth of the Pirates' Cove, one of Gambier's two restaurants.

"I came to Kenyon because the swimming program seemed right for me," Bridgham said. "The streak interested me, and the goals I could shoot for here were realistic ones. I could have gone to some place like Ohio State and been, say, fourth best in my event. Maybe I would have gone faster. But maybe I would have gotten discouraged and quit. I'm damn glad I came here."

The streak that helped attract Bridgham began almost offhandedly. It started under Bob Bartels, an ex-Ohio State swimmer who was all of 24 when he took over as Kenyon's coach for the 1952-53 season. Kenyon had dominated OAC swimming a decade earlier but lately had been an also-ran. It continued to be one just a bit longer, placing third in the OAC in Bartels' first season, behind Wooster and Oberlin. That was in the spring of

continued



Jim Steen has charge of the dynasty these days



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1953. But Kenyon College was beaten in the Ohio Athletic Conference championships for the last time.

A strong crop of freshmen arrived the next season and Kenyon easily won the conference title in 1954, after which Barett departed, becoming coach first at Ohio University and then at Ohio State, where he is now a professor of physical education. Looking back on that first of 25 straight triumphs, Barett admits that it didn't seem epochal at the time. "Whenever you get a turn-around like that," he says, "a fortunate combination of circumstances is responsible. Frankly, we were lucky to get those good freshmen. It was just one of those things."

Barett's successor, Tom Edwards, built on that foundation to win the next 10 OAC titles. He also produced Kenyon's best modern-day swimmer, Phil Mayher, who in 1962 placed sixth in the 100 backstroke at the NCAA major-college championships. Edwards, a skilled technician, might have gone on to full-time coaching except that in 1957 he also became Kenyon's dean of students. In 1964, he stepped down as coach, but he is still the dean of students. He also has helped hire subsequent coaches. The first of these, Dick Russell, extended Kenyon's streak to 15 before leaving after the 1968 season for Bucknell, where he has now won eight straight East Coast and Middle Atlantic conference titles. Russell was succeeded by Dick Sloan, who ran Kenyon's streak to 22 before becoming coach at Ohio State in 1976. Last season, Sloan guided the Buckeyes to the runner-up spot in the Big Ten behind Indiana.

Kenyon has enjoyed obvious success in its choice of swim coaches. But Edwards, who has been on campus for 24 of the 25 years that the streak has lasted, feels that in the eventual business of recruiting, neither he nor any of the other earlier coaches can match Jim Steen. OAC coaches are free to recruit by phone and Steen has the gift of gab. Admiringly, Edwards says, "Jim gets prospects on the phone and talks them blind. He numbs them. He starts them."

The 30-year-old Steen, a longtime Kent State swimmer, has a somewhat frantic manner. "I get pretty absentminded," he allows. That seems to be putting it mildly. At meets, Steen is forever misplacing his stopwatch and lineup card, and managers have to follow him around to pick up after him. The other day, the coach was talking to a swimmer on the phone

when he excused himself to answer the doorbell. He never returned to the phone, and the swimmer had to resume the conversation with Steen the next day.

In giddy moments, Steen talks about leading Kenyon to its first national championship. In each of the last two years, the Lords have placed third in Division III behind champion Johns Hopkins. "The streak is good, but we shouldn't become so enamored of it that we lose sight of other goals," Steen says. "I'm afraid we've had a little too much of a conference mentality here."

Last month, two-time national champion Johns Hopkins came to Kenyon for a dual meet with the Lords. Kenyon students filled Shaffer Pool two hours before the opening event, and those who couldn't get in either stood outside and craned to watch through the glass or listened to live meet coverage over WKCO, the campus radio station. The tidings from the Greenhouse were not good as Johns Hopkins won 10 of 13 events, with the home team 68-43.

Over the years, Kenyon has lost its share of dual meets only to experience spectacular drops in times at the conference championship. This season, the Lords are 7-3, their other losses coming at the hands of Ohio State and Miami of Ohio, both Division I schools. And Steen says, "If we get our usual drop, things could be different against Hopkins at the nationals."

If not, well, there is the conference meet. By tradition Kenyon swimmers shave their heads for the OAC championships and wear T-shirts imprinted with clever things like *20 courses in sea* or *22 lakes*, depending on which year of the streak it happens to be. The slogan a year ago was *25 Ohio states*. Like this year's, the last three meets were held at Oberlin, whose 800-seat pool has contained as many as 400 Kenyon boosters at a time. The throng usually includes 40 or more former Kenyon swimmers who annually journey from far and near to see the Lords extend the streak.

Kenyon's president, Philip H. Jordan Jr., tries to downplay the streak, saying, "Winning is a fine American tradition, and we're proud of our swimming team. But sports is sports at Kenyon, and nobody thinks the esteem of the school rests on athletic achievement. When the streak is broken," Jordan says when, not if, "the coach will not be fired." Be that as it may, Kenyon's trustees recently gave



Bridgman and Martha Roberts are inspired.

the go-ahead to a fund-raising drive for overhaul of the school's athletic facilities, including construction of a new pool. Rivals can only shudder at the prospect of Kenyon dazzling recruits with an up-to-date natatorium.

When the new pool is built, the Greenhouse may be converted into a dance studio. At least until then, Kenyon swimmers are free to follow another streak-related custom, one arising out of their heartfelt belief that Shaffer Pool is, on top of everything else, haunted. Stories persist of eerie voices being heard there at night, of showers and lights flickering off and on and of doors mysteriously swinging open.

And so it is that Kenyon swimmers, returning to their isolated, hufftop campus at the end of each year's conference meet, traditionally pay a midnight visit en masse to their darkened pool. Boldly they climb into the water and shout for several minutes at the "ghost." Nobody knows what a spectral being might make of all these screaming figures with shaved heads splashing about. To mortals, though, it can mean only one thing: Kenyon College has won yet another Ohio Athletic Conference championship.

END

HOW MANY MESSAGES FOR THIS MEDIUM?



THREE NETWORKS KEEP THEIR EYES ON GROUP W'S MCGANNON

In what amounts to his annual State of the Game address, National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle addressed himself to a long-standing accusation—that network television is the true power behind pro football. “We do cooperate with TV in some respects,” Rozelle said, “but overall I would say there’s a pretty good balance. The print media accuse us of doing certain things as a convenience for the networks. I personally feel these things are a convenience for the fans. Sometimes things that are in the public interest also happen to be in a network’s interest.”

This is true. It is also true that some things are more in the interest of the networks than the public. One of them was the introduction last fall of what might be called the two-minute bonus. Under this plan, the NFL allowed the networks to increase their allotment of commercials—those stirring messages from our sponsors—from 20 to 22 minutes for every game. The average TV game ran two hours and 50 minutes.

As for the public’s interest, the only dividend from the two-minute bonus was a few more unnatural interruptions in the flow of a game. Unless one watches a football game only to determine which shaving cream sticks best to your palm, there is no public interest involved in scheduling more commercials.

As for the network interest—well... In 1978 the average cost of a 30-second commercial on ABC’s Monday Night Football was

\$85,000. This means that in 16 regular-season games (no playoffs), the two-minute bonus alone was worth \$5.4 million to ABC. This is a high rate of network interest indeed. And there is an equally high rate of NFL interest, because all the extra commercials—plus two extra regular-season games and two extra playoff games—were added just so the league could extract more money from the networks, whose three separate four-year contracts, agreed to last year, amount to a stunning \$650 million.

And speaking of public interest in pro football: it faded in 1978. Nobody is blaming the two-minute bonus, and no one is positive that the added telecasts resulted in overexposure. But the season ratings dipped on all three networks. ABC was off 4% with a 20.2 rating average. CBS was down 6% with a 14.9, and NBC was off 2% at 12.9. This count did not include the whopping Super Bowl rating of 47.1 (an estimated 104 million viewers).

It is true that ABC got caught with an uncommonly large number of dogs on Monday nights and that two of the three major markets (New York and Chicago) had lousy teams. So perhaps the rating drop isn’t a trend. Val Panchybeck, the NFL’s TV coordinator, says that 1977 was a record ratings year and that if one compares the 1978 figures with the average of the past three years, they do not fall short.

But if declining NFL ratings do not a significant trend make, the practice of squeezing more commercial time into football games and into every hour of network TV does. Most station owners are reluctant to knock TV’s status quo, mainly because they are profiting from it so handsomely. However, the well-fed moguls of American TV can be outspoken, too, and among the most outspoken are executives of Westinghouse (Group W) Broadcasting. With nine radio stations and five major-market TV stations (two affiliated with CBS, two with NBC, one with ABC),

Group W is the largest commercial broadcasting concern in the U.S. after the three networks. The company is led by tough and canny Donald H. McGannon, 58, a man so scathing in his views of certain network practices that the nicest word some network men have for him is “iconoclast.”

For years McGannon has led a campaign to give local affiliates more control over network programming. At the moment they have none, even though they—not the networks—are federally licensed and legally responsible for serving the public fairly. McGannon says, “I don’t think the role of the licensee should be one of a spigot that simply passes on the program. There should be discernment.”

To that end Group W has petitioned the FCC for an inquiry into network-affiliate relationships, a petition that makes the networks very nervous. A favorite and continuing Group W complaint to the networks concerns the invidious proliferation of “clutter” (more commercials and more promotional claptrap) in every network hour. Until three or four years ago, the TV industry stood firm on a standard of six commercial minutes an hour as being acceptable both ethically and financially. No more. Group W research shows that between 1973-76 and 1977-78 the number of commercial minutes an hour increased 42% and now is approaching eight an hour.

This is exactly what is happening as a result of the NFL decision to boost average commercial minutes above seven an hour. Group W attempted to head off the move by first announcing that it would refuse to carry extra commercials and then saying it would “cover off” all excessive ads by running public-service announcements instead. The networks responded with pure juggernaut tactics. “We were given an ultimatum by all three networks that they would not abide covering off any commercial, or part thereof, and that if we insisted on it, they would not feed us any NFL games,” says Jay Francis, a Group W spokesman.

Group W knuckled under. As Francis says, “Flag, motherhood, the NFL—who can go on without the NFL?”

And there the State of the Game stands: four-square behind network power plays and ever more clutter for the buck. **END**



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They fill a tall order

The scramble for talented 7-footers centers on three giant high schoolers

It's difficult to say just when 7-foot basketball players became so common that people stopped taking much notice of them. Almost no one asks a 7-footer how the weather is up there anymore, and when was the last time anyone referred to Wilt Chamberlain as Wilt the Stilt?

Well, in case you're still interested, the weather up there this year has been unseasonably good in the nation's high schools. The B/C Scouting Service of St. Petersburg, Fla. estimates that this season there are nine high school players who are at least seven feet tall, and another 54 who are 6' 10" or better and could be 7-footers by the time they enter college. And this is such an upwardly mobile group that a lot of scouts are calling it the best class of big men ever.

The class of '79 is distinguished not only by its depth—or height, depending on how one looks at it—but also by the ability of its three best big men. They are, in more or less the order in which they have caused the heaviest drooling by recruiters: 7' 1" Sam Bowie of Lebanon, Pa.; 7' 3½" Ralph Sampson of Harrisonburg, Va.; and 6' 11½" Steve Stipanovich of St. Louis.

Bowie is probably the most highly sought high school player since Moses Malone. Last week he was averaging 31.8 points and 18.4 rebounds, and was fresh off a 39-point performance against Mannheim Township. Lebanon is in the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch country, and is notable for its 18th- and 19th-century architecture. Unlike the rest of Lebanon, the high school is a futuristic-looking honeycomb of three large circular pods connected by tunnels. But the invasion of the body snatchers that has been go-

ing on there for more than a year now has had less to do with pods than it does with Bowie, who has been contacted by at least 400 colleges.

Bowie's father Ben is 6' 11" and a former member of the Harlem Magicians. He taught Sam to dribble and shoot 10 years ago, and the lesson stuck. Despite the overwhelming height advantage he has against most high school competition, Bowie does not simply camp underneath the hoop. He prefers to roam the baseline, where he can make use of his remarkable ball-handling ability and his feathery outside shot.

"Sam's goal is to play facing the basket in college," says Lebanon Coach Chic Hess. "He wants to be a forward, and some of the coaches of the schools he's interested in have told him he can play forward for them. But some of these guys will say whatever it takes to get Sam,

and I know some of them are lying. Some of the coaches who are telling him he can be a forward come in here knowing that their teams need a center."

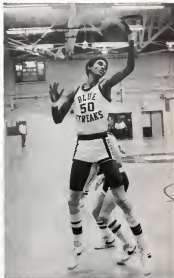
Kentucky Coach Joe Hall, whose school is one of eight that Bowie is considering, agrees that Bowie could play almost anywhere on the floor. "At a school that has a good big man," Hall says, "they'd get more mileage out of Sam by playing him in the corner." Says Bowie, "A lot of players my size are inside men only, and defenses are geared to collapse on them. Besides, I like to play outside better than I do inside."

Bowie's only weaknesses are that he does not get up and down the court quickly enough and that, at 215 pounds, he is too skinny. He is not the only big kid with a weight problem. Sampson is 2¼ inches taller and weighs 15 pounds less than Bowie. Still, Sampson is averaging 29.1 points and 19.6 rebounds, and one prominent coach, who is among the minority that rates Sampson over Bow-

continued



The best young pivots, Bowie (above) and Sampson, stand 7' 1" and 7' 3½", respectively



it, says flatly. "Sampson is the best high school player in the country."

Jackie Allen, a recruiter for Virginia Tech, has been shadowing Sampson since his sophomore year. "With the players we already have, Ralph could take us to the final four next year," says Allen. "He's as good as any big man ever to come along. He's ahead of Abdul-Jabbar, ahead of Malone, at this stage. Someday Ralph will be the standard by which all other big men will be measured."

Hall saw Sampson at a Kentucky basketball camp last August and says, "I never got tired of watching him. I don't think I've ever seen a player of his size with his ability. He has quickness and agility that you don't expect a player of his size to have."

Despite his height, Sampson may well be the best outside shooter on his state-championship team, and despite his lack of height, he grabbed 34 rebounds in one game this season and 30 in another. He gets the ball off the boards in a hurry and makes the outlet pass quickly. Sampson has been contacted by 180 schools and is leaning toward Kentucky and Virginia, and away from Maryland. "At Maryland they have good players," Sampson says, "but after the Notre Dame game, which I went to with some teammates, the Maryland players all went separate ways. They didn't seem to be close. I think that could hurt a team."

Steve Stipanovich added the "h" to the end of his name this year because, he says, it is in the original Serbian spelling. But a Stipanovich by any other name would probably still be getting 25.5 points and 15 rebounds a game. More important, Stipanovich has led DeSmet—a Catholic high school—to a 22-0 record this year and 50 consecutive victories over the past two seasons. At 240 pounds, he is expected to be more of a power player in college than either Sampson or Bowie. DeSmet practices are opened to newcomers on Wednesdays, and on the first Wednesday of this season, coaches Digby Phelps of Notre Dame, Bill Foster of Duke, Norm Stewart of Missouri and Ron Ekker of St. Louis, and scouts from Kentucky, North Carolina and Southern Illinois were sitting in the bleachers. Phelps, who is said to believe he has Stipanovich locked up, was in St. Louis last Friday night to see the young-scorer score 20 points and grab 20 rebounds in a 51-32 victory over St. Louis University High.

Performances like that may be a pleasure for Bowie's, Sampson's and Stipanovich's coaches to watch, but they hardly enjoy the aftereffects, each has been deeply involved in trying to shield his player and the boy's family from recruiting pressures. Roger Bergey, the Harrisonburg coach, has even mailed a full-page list of rules to schools interested in Sampson. They include such stipulations as no phone calls to the coach after 11 p.m. and no direct contact with Sampson or his parents until an appointment has been arranged by the school. Bergey's final commandment reads, "All recruiting violations will be reported to the NCAA."

"I think recruiting should be done in an orderly, honest and ethical manner," he says. "You read about it all the time—kids running and hiding, phones being taken off the hook, even people moving."

"It turns into chaos when the kid or his parents try to handle it," says Lebanon's Hesse. "When there are no guidelines to follow, the kid is like a piece of meat, and there are a lot of hungry dogs pulling at him." Last January the Bowies changed unlisted phone numbers three times; the recruiters ferreted the number out each time and continued to pester the family.

It is a pattern that is being repeated all over the country as colleges go after other blue-chip prospects. Among the best of the rest are Tim Andree, a 6' 10" senior at Brother Rice in Birmingham, Mich.; 6' 11" Greg Kite of Madison High in Houston; 6' 11" LaSalle Thompson of Cincinnati Withrow, who scored 40 points the last time a team didn't play a zone against him; 6' 11" Michael Pires of Sweetwater High in National City, Calif.; and Ron Burns, a 7-footer who is averaging 23.4 points and 11.8 rebounds at Foss High in Tacoma, Wash.

And what the heck, coach, if you don't get any of these guys, you can still look forward to Troy Hitchcock or Patrick Ewing, a couple of 16-year-olds. Hitchcock, a ninth-grader in Columbus, Ohio, is already 7' 1" and should weigh far more than his current 150 pounds by the time he gets to college in 1982. Ewing, a sophomore at Cambridge (Mass.) Rindge-Latin High, is a mere 6' 11" now but, if projections hold, he will grow to 7' 3". With guys like these in the pipeline, the NBA may junk its college farm system and start tapping kids directly out of junior high.

THE WEEK

(Feb. 5-11)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Oklahoma stayed atop the Big Eight, but its cast of pursuers changed as Missouri and Nebraska were replaced by Kansas and Kansas State. The Sooners began the week by winning 74-67 at Oklahoma State behind Al Bledsoe's 18 points and 11 rebounds and John McCullough's 19 points. Darnell Valentine put on perhaps his finest performance for Kansas—27 points, six steals and four assists—as the Jayhawks won 88-85 at Missouri. Three days later it was a must-win situation for Kansas as it faced visiting Oklahoma. The Jayhawks forced eight turnovers in the first six minutes and zoomed in front 20-4. The Sooners tied the score early in the second half, but lost 74-62 as Kansas' John Crawford popped in 17 of his 19 points in the late going. Valentine again excelled, getting 19 points, nine assists, five rebounds and four steals. Kansas State dumped Nebraska 58-46 and Colorado 59-57 in the Kansas for second, one game behind Oklahoma.

Indiana State twice came on like gang-busters in the second half to remain unbeaten. With Larry Bird pumping in 20 of his 33 points after the intermission, the Sycamores came through with a rousing 62 points in the second half as they swamped Drake 100-79. At Bradley, State trailed 29-28 before storming to a 91-72 win in which Cal Nickles had 31 points. But Bird, who was double-teamed, had a career low of four points.

Texas A&M seemed to be emulating its football team, which began last season 4-0 and then fell apart. The Aggies, 20-4 and tied for the Southwest Conference lead at the beginning of the week, lost twice. At Arkansas, the Aggies could not cope with the Razorbacks' press and were defeated 60-56. And at Texas Tech, A&M quickly fell behind by 14 points, was kept off balance by the Red Raiders' full-court pressure defense and, despite Ryan Wright's 22 points, lost 67-63. Texas became the undisputed leader in the SWC by running roughshod over Rice 95-52 as Phil Stroed had 23 points and 14 rebounds. Jumping up to second place, one game back of the Longhorns, was Arkansas, which got 28 points and 15 rebounds from Sidney McCreath while gloom-busting TCU 108-65.

Louisville beat Memphis State 103-82 and Tulane 77-66 to improve its Metro 7 record to 7-0.

Alcorn (Miss.) State brought its record to 22-0 by downing Mississippi Valley State 90-69 and Jacksonville State 84-71.

1. INDIANA STATE (22-0)
2. LOUISVILLE (21-4) 3. TEXAS (17-5)

continued

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MIDEAST "We don't even belong on the same court with that team," said Ohio State Coach Eldon Miller before facing visiting Michigan State. Miller's Buckeyes proved him right by getting blown out 73-55. Five different Ohio State defenders tried—and failed—to corral the Spartans' Earvin Johnson, who peppered the nets for 26 points. That left Ohio State, Iowa and Purdue tied for the Big Ten lead, one game ahead of Michigan State.

The Spartans began the week with a 60-57 victory at Iowa. The Hawkeyes then wore down Wisconsin's big men in the second half and got 19 points from Kevin Boyle and 18 from Rennie Lester in a 79-65 triumph. Purdue was twice at home, 71-65 over Illinois and 76-64 over Northwestern as Joe Barry Carroll contributed 48 points. Before being floored by Michigan State, Ohio State survived 21 points and 14 rebounds by Michigan's Phil Hubbard to win 63-60.

"They were physically overpowering and forced us out of everything we wanted to do," said Vanderbilt Coach Wayne Dobbs after losing 92-71 at Louisiana State in a showdown for the Southeastern Conference lead. LSU, which had a 49-28 advantage on the boards, was paced by Lionel Green with 23 rebounds and 16 points, and DeWayne Scales with 10 and 25. The Tigers subsequently squeezed out two road wins, 52-48 at Mississippi State and 88-82 in overtime at Florida. Vanderbilt stayed within a game of LSU by beating Kentucky 68-58, behind Charles Davis' 31 points, and Mississippi State 70-68 in overtime. Alabama, which defeated Georgia 67-59 and Mississippi 83-73 before losing 80-71 at Kentucky, fell 1½ games off the pace. Reggie King poured in 84 points for the Tide, but not even his 36 could avert the loss at Lexington.

Fifteen first-half turnovers kept Notre Dame off stride against Loyola of Chicago. But the Irish padded a 40-38 halftime advantage, got 18 points from superstar Tracy Jackson and came out on top 84-66. UCLA averaged an early-season loss to the Irish by upsetting them 56-52 at South Bend on Sunday afternoon.

For the second time in three seasons, Detroit won at Marquette 64-63 on a 20-foot jumper in the waning moments. Last week it was Terry Doerod's shot with three seconds left that did the trick. The Titans then walloped CCNY 135-77, and Marquette ended Louisville's 13-game winning streak 71-55. After studying a videotape of one of the Cardinals' earlier games, Warrior Coach Hank Raymond said, "It was apparent we could get the ball inside." Just as Raymond predicted, Marquette was able to work the ball to 6'9" Odell Bull, who hit for 21 points.

Cleveland State continued its remarkable field-goal accuracy on the road, where the Vikings have shot 62.3% in their past five games. State set a school mark by making good on

68.5% of its tries—78.3% in the second half—as it won 89-84 at George Mason of Virginia. At Campbell (N.C.) State, the Vikings shot 72% in the second half, outscored 59% for the game and were 88-81 victors.

1. NOTRE DAME (17-3)

2. LSU (19-3) 3. MICHIGAN STATE (16-5)

WEST Southern Cal Coach Bob Boyd, who will retire at the end of the season, almost made his last crack at UCLA a triumphant one. Down 87-74 with 4:18 left, USC tied the score at 93-93 on Cliff Robinson's tip-in at the buzzer. Sadly for Boyd, that marked the end of a superb comeback for the Trojans, who lost 102-94 in overtime. David Greenwood had 25 points and 11 rebounds for the Bruins, and Roy Hamilton scored 23 points. But the most dazzling performer was Robinson, who got 35 points and 18 rebounds while being guarded at various times by five different Bruins.

Another soon-to-retire coach, Pepperdine's Gary Colson, fared better than Boyd. Colson's Waves swamped Seattle 98-83 and Portland 91-74 as Ricardo Brown had 52 points. Otis Mason, who was upset by his poor play, had to be talked out of quitting at halftime of the Portland game by Colson. Instead of throwing in the towel, Minton threw in 23 of his 25 points after the intermission. That kept Pepperdine tied with San Francisco for the WCAC lead. With Bill Cartwright scoring 51 points, the Dons beat Nevada-Reno 56-45 and St. Mary's 89-73.

Idaho State's Lawrence Butler had 39 points in a 98-87 win at Boise State and 41 more in a 114-112 double-overtime upset of Nevada-Las Vegas to become the Division I scoring leader with a 29.5 average.

Kim Goetz set a San Diego State record with 42 points in a 90-83 triumph over Colorado State.

1. UCLA (18-3)

2. USC (18-8) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (16-5)

EAST Duke, which was expected to buffet its opponents this season, continued, instead, to puzzle onlookers. Just when it seemed the Blue Devils had righted themselves, they struggled to split two games. Pittsburgh stunned Duke 71-69 when Sam Clancy, correctly anticipating a back-door play by Kenny Dandard, stole a pass, missed a shot, rebounded the ball and laid it in with three seconds left. That hoop gave Clancy the last of his 23 points.

In the twinkling of an eye—four eyes, really—Duke earlier had turned a possible 63-62 loss to Virginia into a 64-63 triumph. "Kenny Dandard and I have an eye signal," Gene Banks of the Blue Devils said after the game. "My eyes lit up when Virginia shifted two men in their defense. I went straight to the

hole and Kenny got me the ball." Banks took the feed and scored the decisive basket with 30 seconds to go. The Cavaliers had led by 12 points in the second half, thanks to Center Steve Castellani's play. Castellani held Mike Givins to a season low of nine points, while scoring 21 of his own.

North Carolina stayed within half a game of Duke in the Atlantic Coast race by beating Maryland 76-67. The Terps had only one free throw in the game, the Tar Heels 19. Carolina then whipped Providence 89-55.

For the first time since losing to Georgia on Dec. 29, 1967, North Carolina State dropped a non-conference game at home. That string of 70 victories was ended 53-52 by Notre Dame.

Despite being outrebanded 32-29 and having three fewer field goals than South Carolina, Syracuse was a 71-64 winner at Madison Square Garden. The Orange prevailed by nailing the Gamecocks' zone in the first half to take a 48-31 lead. Syracuse trailed 67-66 with 4:09 to play at St. Bonaventure, but salvaged a 74-69 victory.

After disposing of Penn State 54-43, Temple met La Salle in a shoot-out for first place

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

PAT CUMMINGS: Cincinnati's 6'9½" senior center noddled the nets for 81 points and pulled down 39 rebounds as the Bearcats jarred Georgia Tech 55-51, upset Dayton 82-74 and defeated Memphis State 87-79.

in the East Coast Conference's Eastern Section. Torrid shooting by the Owls, who hit 68.6% in the second half and 61.2% for the game, earned them a 97-81 victory. Michael Brooks had 28 points and 16 rebounds for the Explorers, but Temple had three big game: Bruce Harold, who got 21 points, 10 rebounds and nine assists, Ricky Reed, who hit on 10 of 12 shots, and Keith Parham, who made 10 of 16.

Penn ran its Ivy League record to 7-0. First, the Quakers wilted the good-luck carnations worn by Columbia's coaches, winning 64-54 despite what Penn Coach Bob Weinhauer conceded was a lullaxer effort. Before the next day's game against Cornell, the Quaker players drew up their own game plan, one designed to "How their doors off." Penn did exactly that, racing to a 78-56 victory.

Tom Chappel assured Boston University of its first 300-or-better season in six years. Before severely bruising his right knee, Chappel had 18 points in a 72-66 win over Siena. Two days later, Chappel put aside his stretchers, grabbed eight rebounds and scored 24 of his 35 points in the second half as the Terriers shocked Rhode Island 75-69.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (18-4)

2. SYRACUSE (20-2) 3. DUKE (17-4)

It was late on Thursday afternoon, only 32 hours before baseball's winter interleague trading deadline, and White Sox General Manager Roland Hemond was chasing frantically around the Sheraton Twin Towers in Orlando, Fla., making a list of which of his colleagues would be staying at the site of the baseball meetings through midnight Friday. All week, team owners, general managers and agents had huddled in the lobby, met in suites and talked on the phone trying to work out trades. On Wednesday the White Sox even began using three walkie-talkies to keep track of people's whereabouts. Still, no blockbuster deals were announced. By Friday the challenge was to find a believable trade rumor.

None of this deterred Hemond. After all, a winter meeting isn't complete unless the White Sox pull off a string of deals, often in the waning moments. "I remember meetings by who we traded," says Hemond. "Phoenix: Dick Allen; Honolulu: Ken Henderson; Hollywood, Florida: Ralph Garr." But midnight Friday came and Hemond still had made no deals. He wasn't alone. Half of the clubs left Orlando without making a trade. In all, there were just 12 swaps involving 31 players. In the previous six years, the teams averaged 20 trades, with

The deal is no deals

This off-season is proving that trades are no longer the owners' stock in trade

54 athletes changing uniforms. And since most of the players traded this time were not headline grabbers—Dan Ford, Pete Falcone, Tom Grieve and Buddy Bell, to name a few—these meetings will be remembered as Orlando: zilch.

Some baseball executives insisted that many of the trades that didn't materialize in Florida would occur during the month-long spring interleague trading period that begins Feb. 15. However, it now appears that the inactivity of the winter meetings will be duplicated in the spring. "It's worse, if anything, having this second period," says Boston's Haywood Sullivan of the extra trading session that was added two years ago. "It allows clubs to put off deals in December. Then they get to this second period

and say, 'We want to see what happens in spring training with some of our kids.' Of course, each pitcher has only been out on the mound once when the trading period ends."

Nonetheless, in the coming weeks Houston will be trying to peddle Bob Watson, a career .300 batter whose contract is up at the end of next season. There appear to be no more takers for him now than there were in December. The Phillies may attempt to move Richie Hebner, but a three-way deal that would send Hebner to New York, Mets Catcher John Stearns to San Francisco and Grant Infielder Bill Madlock to Philadelphia seems to have fallen through. And most of the other names that are being tossed around—Eduardo Rodriguez of the Brewers, Jay Johnstone and Jim Spencer of the Yankees and Cincinnati's Ken Griffey—see players whom clubs want to deal off because of salary problems or discontent. Considerable uncertainty remains about where—or if—any of them will go.

This second chance to make interleague trades has resulted in a modest amount of action—31 players swapped in nine deals—since it was established as part of the 1976 Basic Agreement between the players and owners. And the

continued

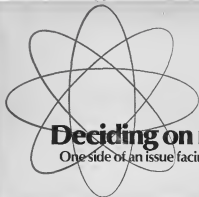
A Stearns-Hebner-Madlock swap is now



unlikely because the rules could allow

two of them to demand to be traded again in 1980





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A clean record

Nuclear generation of electricity has grown because of its safety, reliability and economy. No other industry started with a greater appreciation of potential hazards. None is operated under more stringent occupational and environmental safeguards.

The American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recently reported that, among the principal fuels available for electricity production over the next 25 years, nuclear power has the lowest adverse impact on health.

The near future

Nuclear power makes economic sense in meeting growing energy demands and in reducing the nation's dependence on oil and gas.

Unless we try to rely entirely on coal production for generation, or to shut down the economy until forms like solar power prove affordable, nuclear power will become increasingly important to the near-term well-being of the country.

Nuclear policy

The electric utility industry agrees with the many expert opinions that ultimate disposal of radioactive wastes presents no insurmountable technical problems. Several acceptable methods are available.

But failure of the federal government to implement available nuclear waste disposal technol-

ogy is being mistakenly seen as an indication that the nuclear waste issue cannot be resolved.

Recently, we urged the Administration to take advantage of extensive, existing technical and scientific knowledge and to implement a program on a rigid schedule to provide a spent-fuel storage facility and a waste repository at the earliest practical time. These steps are necessary to assure the continued operation of nuclear power plants, to minimize the uncertainty that has been slowing down commitments for future nuclear plants in this country, and to separate the waste disposal issue from the licensing of new power plants.

Congress has divided responsibility for the national waste management program among several agencies of the federal government. The Department of Energy, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Environmental Protection Agency have elements of responsibility.

Now, Congress must provide additional effective legislative guidance for the waste management and spent-fuel storage programs.

The long run

Opinion polls repeatedly show that majorities of the American people support the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. Where nuclear plants are in operation, the percentages are even higher.

If we are to be able to take advantage of the economic and energy-supply opportunities presented by nuclear energy, both in the near term and the long term, the federal government will need to take responsible action today.

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activity this time around is likely to proceed at an even slower pace, because the same contractual roadblocks that the clubs faced in Orlando are still very much in force. Management likes to bundle these obstacles together in a handy phrase—"the players are trading themselves." In other words, because of free agency and other new rules, players now generally have the power to decide when, where and if they will change teams. And interstate trades, which traditionally are baseball's biggest deals, are not the only ones affected. Intraleague swaps of notable players are also fast becoming a rarity.

Under the old system, the Hebner-Stearns-Madlock trade would have been a natural. The Mets, who feel they have minor-leaguers who can move up to handle their catching, need a third baseman. Hebner would fill the bill. The Giants want to strengthen themselves behind the plate, and Stearns is a good young catcher. Philadelphia's only weak spot is second base, a position Madlock can play but Hebner can't. Presto, a three-way deal. But no. The trade is unlikely to happen, at least partly because under the current rules five-year men Hebner and Madlock could demand to be traded if their new teams fail to renegotiate their contracts by the end of the upcoming season. This kind of situation quite naturally doesn't sit well with management.

"In the old days," says Lou Gorman of the Managers' front office, "there was no 10- and five-year rule, no stipulation whereby a player could demand to be traded after five years or just plain walk away by becoming a free agent after six. Ability was the sole criterion by which a club measured a possible trade. That, and the player's chances of filling a team's need. Now, ability is just a tiny part of a complex picture."

The picture started becoming complex in '75 when the Messersmith decision, which eliminated the reserve clause binding a player to his team in perpetuity, forced baseball to reluctantly accept stipulations in the Basic Agreement that allow players unprecedented freedom. After signing the agreement, teams started giving many of their best players multi-year contracts, some with no-trade clauses, others with complicated deferred payments stretching into the 21st century. These self-imposed restrictions, coupled with those already in the Basic

Agreement, are primarily responsible for the current lack of wheeling and dealing.

On top of that, 32 of this year's 42 free agents were unsigned during the winter meetings, causing many teams to hold off trading in hopes of grabbing a free agent. "We wanted to get maximum value for Enrique Romo," says Gorman of his aging relief pitcher. "But because Elias Sosa and Mike Marshall were available as free agents, some clubs weren't as interested in Romo as they might have been." Gorman ended up sending Romo, who had an 11-7 record and 10 saves for a last-place team, to Pittsburgh for the paltry return of three minor-leaguers.

However, the availability of free agents is hardly the only factor inhibiting trades.

- Philadelphia wanted Cub Second Baseman Manny Trillo. At one point, Chicago agreed to trade Trillo as part of a five- or six-player deal. The Phillies then withdrew Outfielder Jerry Martin from the package, replacing him with Bake McBride. The deal was rejected by the Cubs because McBride's option year is 1979 and the Cubs didn't think they could sign him. McBride would therefore become a free agent next fall, and the Cubs would be short both a second baseman and an outfielder.

- Baltimore went to Orlando looking for an outfielder. As trade bait the Orioles offered 16-game-winner Dennis Martinez. Cincinnati countered with Griffey. As desirable as Griffey, a .309 lifetime hitter, might seem to be, Baltimore refused. "He's got only one year left on his contract," says the Orioles' Hank Peters. "And after 1979 he'll be a six-year man."

- St. Louis General Manager John Claiborne bypassed a four-player deal that would have helped the Cardinals' struggling offense. "One of my players who would have been involved in the trade is a three-year man," he said, "the other is in his second big league season. Both of the other team's players are in the last year of their contracts and both are six-year players. We would have had the players for one season, whereas they would have gotten three and four seasons out of our players."

- Minnesota owner Calvin Griffith, forced to trade Rod Carew to avoid losing him as a free agent after next season, was frustrated when Carew vetoed a trade with the Giants that would have

benefited the Twins. Griffith subsequently sent the seven-time batting champion to California for an outfielder who hit .223 last season, a pitcher who was 6-10 and two minor-leaguers. "It would be better to turn the clubs over to the players, give the owners salaries and let the players cut up what's left among themselves after the season," says Griffith.

Most owners can sympathize with Griffith's frustrations. As bitterly as they may feel about their loss of power, however, they do not all blame Players Association Director Marvin Miller or the players for the turnabout. Many owners point the accusing finger at themselves.

"Miller did a heck of a job for the players," says Cleveland President Gabe Paul. "We simply were overmatched." San Francisco General Manager Spec Richardson adds, "The owners and GMs created this problem themselves. We'd be breaking the law if we agreed among ourselves to set maximum contract figures, but even if we could agree, somebody would fudge."

Lacking both self-restraint and the freedom to trade as they please, owners are now casting hopeful eyes on a new Basic Agreement, which must be negotiated before the start of the 1980 season. Management's main concern is the compensation received by teams that lose free agents. A club now gets a choice in the amateur draft from the team that signs its player. Says Baltimore's Peters, "Whether I lose a Reggie Jackson or a Roylee Stillman, I get the same compensation. Now tell me, is that right?"

Miller says, "If baseball attempts to unravel the whole agreement because of one thing like compensation, it won't work. We will negotiate because the 1976 agreement requires us to, but it's been proven in football that equal compensation means lack of movement."

That does not bode well for the owners, because when Miller has sat down to negotiate in recent years, he has almost invariably come away the winner. He is unlikely to give more than an inch—if that much—on compensation. That means free agents will still be marketable and, as a result, trades will remain hard to make. In light of this, it was fitting that Pete Rose chose to announce his signing with the Phillies at the Orlando meetings. The days of hot-stove deals may be over, but cold-cash signings are here to stay.

BAP



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But this twain shall meet

The early favorites for the Kentucky Derby, Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster, who have never raced each other, had impressive opening wins in Florida and California

As 3-year-old debuts go, the two last Wednesday were impressive—and predictable. The main difference was location. At Gulfstream Park, Hawksworth Farm's Spectacular Bid drew off easily to win the \$28,200 Hutcheson Stakes by nearly four lengths, while at Santa Anita, B. J. Ridder's Flying Paster picked off the \$64,300 San Vicente Stakes by six lengths. The two colts will probably dominate all discussions leading up to the Kentucky Derby May 5—and the weeks beyond it.

Unlike Affirmed and Alydar, who raced against each other six times as 2-year-olds, Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster have never been on the same side of the Great Divide. Spectacular Bid ran in the East last season while Flying Paster's races were confined to the West

Coast. The two are not expected to meet until they get into the gate at Churchill Downs, a situation reminiscent of the first meeting between Swaps and Nashua in 1955. Certainly many of the same elements are present that made that rivalry so dramatic: good records, opinionated fans, East vs. West and the confusions that always arise when trying to determine track variants and running styles.

Both the Hutcheson and San Vicente were run at seven furlongs and were little more than springboards to the Florida Derby and Flamingo Stakes for Spectacular Bid and the Santa Anita Derby and Hollywood Derby for Flying Paster. An indication of the quality of the two colts was evident on the tote boards at Gulfstream and Santa Anita. Spectacular Bid

(1:21½) paid the legal minimum of \$2.10 for each \$2 win bet; Flying Paster (1:21½) returned \$2.20 to tie a Santa Anita record for low payoffs.

With the plethora of good horses running in 1978—Affirmed, Alydar, Seattle Slew, Exceller, Late Bloomer among others—little attention was paid to the 2-year-olds. Between them, however, Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster won 11 stakes. At year's end, Spectacular Bid was judged to be the better of the two and was assigned 126 pounds on the Experimental list, three pounds more than Flying Paster. Tommy Trotter, the racing secretary for Chicago's Arlington Park who drew up the Experimental weights, says, "It was very hard to judge them because they never met."

Because he ran in the East, Spectacular Bid got more attention. Racing fans continue to call the other colt Flying Pastor, but his name comes from the fact that he is owned by newspaper executive Ben Ridder of the Knight-Ridder chain. A flying paster is a device that pastes rolls of newspaper together without having to stop the presses. "I guess I'll spend most of the winter and spring

continued



Flying Paster, guided by that steady old pro Don Pierce, won his seventh straight stakes race in the San Vicente at Santa Anita

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explaining my horse's name again and again," Ridder said last week.

Ben Ridder has owned some good race horses; his mare, Cascapedia, won the 1977 Eclipse Award as the best older filly or mare. "Flying Paster is the best horse I've had," Ridder says, "and my intentions are to run him in the Triple Crown races. Unless something unforeseen should occur, we'll follow the same schedule that Affirmed followed when he won the Triple Crown. Because Spectacular Bid is in the East and Flying Paster in the West, I can't really make any genuine comparisons. It's up to people to make their own judgments. I do know that Flying Paster has an awful lot of ability and that he adapts to the circumstances. He has speed and he can also come from behind. Those are two excellent qualities."

The San Vicente was a showcase for quite a bit of that adaptability. During the early races the afternoon of Flying Paster's first 1979 outing, horses that tried to run from behind were flogging through the stretch, apparently having trouble holding the track. Although he faced only four opponents, Flying Paster was in fifth place for part of the race and had a very rough trip. When Jockey Don Pierce called on him to run, the colt accelerated without being whipped, but at the top of the stretch he was bumped hard by Crest of the Wave. "Actually, we were bumped twice," Pierce said. "Once we got straightened out. I just hollered at my horse, showed him the whip and he pulled away."

Flying Paster's sparkling time of 1:21½ was but ⅓ of a second slower than the stakes record, which is held by Ancient Title, for the present the most famous son of Gummo, who also happens to be Flying Paster's sire. Ancient Title, who retired last summer, was the richest California-bred of all time with career earnings of \$1,252,791.

Pierce, 41, who rode Gummo in the early '60s, is one of the top stakes riders on the West Coast. This is his 28th year as a jockey (he started on quarter horses when he was 13), and in each of the last 15 years his mounts have earned more than \$1 million. Pierce is respected for his coolness in big races, and only Bill Shoemaker and Laffit Pincay Jr. have

won more California stakes. "Up until Flying Paster," he says, "the best 3-year-old I was ever on was Hill Rise."

In 1964 Pierce rode Hill Rise to four straight wins leading up to the Kentucky Derby, but was "unhorsed" when owner George Pope Jr. decided he wanted Shoemaker on the colt in the Derby. Hill Rise finished second behind Northern Dancer.

It is rare for a Californian-bred to win a Derby—only Morvich in 1922. Decidedly in 1962 and Swaps have in 104 years—and through the years Californians have heard insulting words from Kentuckians, Floridians, New Yorkers and Marylanders about the disparity. One school of thought holds that the tracks in California are too hard and horses that are used to Western surfaces don't run well at Churchill Downs. But Tony Lee, an English-bred, did it in 1959 after campaigning in California, and so did Lucky Debonair in 1965 and Majestic Prince in 1969. Last year Affirmed trained in California and won the Triple Crown. Affirmed, Majestic Prince and Lucky Debonair were Kentucky-breds.

Flying Paster, who is trained by Gordon Campbell, has rattled off seven straight stakes wins. His career record shows eight wins in 11 starts and there were decent excuses for his three second-place finishes. His most celebrated defeat was in the Hollywood Juvenile in July, when he lost to Secretariat's daughter Terlingua after having trouble leaving the gate.

At the moment, neither Spectacular Bid nor Flying Paster seems to have much opposition. But that could change if either Pen-Y-Bryn Fara's Instrument Landing or Bert Firestone's General Assembly improve for trainers David Whiteley and LeRoy Jolley, respectively.

Flying Paster is only the second foal of Progne, the first one having died. Back in 1974 Progne won the My Fair Lady Stakes at Bay Meadows and one of the horses she beat was Spectacular, the dam of Spectacular Bid.

That, however, is about the only way the two three-year-olds can be compared. In the weeks ahead the West will be looking East, while the East is looking West. If both horses get together in the Triple Crown races, it could be Affirmed vs. Alydar all over again.

BBB

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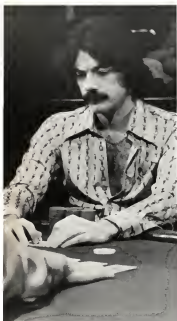
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Deep-sixed by a six in the hole

Red Bone had the edge in the Amarillo Slim Classic until George Huber (above) straightened him out to win \$150,000

A circle of about 300 spectators gasped and pressed in closer to the table. In the center of it, \$220,000 in burnt-orange chips lay on the blue felt. Robert (Red) Bone, a burly man with deep-set blue eyes, bolted up from his seat with both arms trembling and began to haul in the chips. "Hot dang," he shouted. He nervously lit another cigarette and plopped back into his chair.

To Bone's right, George Huber sat motionless, staring blankly at the table. He is young and slender and has long, wavy hair and a droopy mustache that reveals the barest trace of a mouth. He is a professional gambler; Bone is an amateur. Huber tilted back in his seat, his right hand fingering his chips as he counted them. Just \$60,000 left. One bad hand and Huber would be dead.

Two days earlier, on Tuesday of last week, 30 gamblers had sat down at four tables in the Las Vegas Hilton to begin the main event of the \$1 million (actually, it was only \$760,000) Amarillo Slim Poker Classic, which, in essence, had been a two-week series of mini-tournaments with different games and different stakes for folks of different means and different sexes. But the \$200 seven-card stud for women, the \$1,000 ace-to-five lo-ball and all the other events had been mere preliminaries to the finale, in which a participant needed 10 grand just to sit down. Most of the players in the big game were full-time gamblers, including such king poker players as Johnny Moss, Sailor Roberts and Texas Dolly Brunson. Four participants were unknowns, at least to Amarillo Slim, the tournament host. But he was certain of one thing about them: "They have enough \$100 bills to burn up a wet mule." There were nine other amateurs—insiders' lingo for gamblers who also hold regular jobs—and one mysterious woman.

"In poker, women are like polar bears," Slim said the night before the final event started. "They're on a cold, lonely trail. They should be home having babies." He neglected to mention that two nights before, the woman in question, Betty Carey, had challenged him—and taken him for \$50,000.

Born in Cody, Wyo., where her mother owns an auto-body shop, and now a resident of Houston, Carey is 25 and no polar bear at the table. She plays odds, not intuitions, and calculates the risks of drawing two cards to a flush quicker than you can deal. "Poker's a living," she says abruptly. "I play for the money."

In the Classic finale, when a player's stake was gone, so was he or she. The last one left at the table would have won \$300,000 and would get to keep \$150,000, the other half going in graduated amounts to the next five finishers. The game was hold 'em, a form of seven-card stud. Each player is dealt two cards face down, and bets are made. Then three cards, called the flop, are dealt face up in the center of the table. More bets. The sixth and seventh cards are also dealt face up, with bets after each. The player uses his two hole cards and the five community cards to put together his or her best five-card hand.

Play had hardly begun at the Hilton when Roberts and Brunson, two of the pre-tournament favorites, found themselves sitting behind short stacks of chips. With only a \$10,000 stake, it doesn't take a very long run of weak hole cards for even the shrewdest gamblers to find they've been wiped out, and Roberts and Brunson were finished long before the opening session concluded. And just two hours into the play, Carey was gone, the sixth player to drop out. Against Huber's pair of eights, she held the king-10 of diamonds, the "overcards" if she paired up, and four cards to a flush. But the last two cards were an off-suit jack-six. "Going in I knew that he held the high hand," she moaned, "but mine was the favorite to win."

By Tuesday night, after 10 hours of play, the field had been reduced to 15, seven of whom were amateurs. This was the kind of competition in which one expects to find only the pros with the quickest minds and steadiest nerves. "A tournament is tougher than a ring game because you can't make mistakes," says Bobby Baldwin, a pro who won the 1978 World Series of Poker. "In an ordinary game, if you go bust, you just get another bankroll

continued

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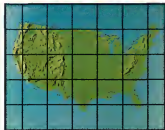
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A group of five men in 19th-century attire are gathered around a table in a train car. The man on the left wears a dark suit and a bowler hat. The man in the center stands, wearing a dark suit, a white cravat, and a top hat. The man on the right wears a dark suit, a white cravat, and a top hat. The man on the far left wears a dark suit and a bowler hat. The man on the far right wears a dark suit, a white cravat, and a top hat. They are all holding glasses of whisky. A bottle of Early Times whisky is on the table. The background shows the interior of a train car with wooden paneling and a chandelier.

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Two bottles of Early Times whisky are shown side-by-side. The bottle on the left is labeled '1860' and the bottle on the right is labeled 'TODAY'. Both bottles are made of clear glass and have a yellow label with the 'Early Times' logo. The '1860' bottle has a dark cap and the 'TODAY' bottle has a gold cap. The labels also mention 'Kentucky Straight Whisky' and 'No. 1 Special Reserve'.

and sit down again." Baldwin, 28, has already written his autobiography. It tells of a \$180,000 triumph in Las Vegas while he was a freshman at Oklahoma State. He enrolled there, instead of at Oklahoma, because he got wind of a weekly poker game in the dorms. Ah, there's nothing like a college education.

Meanwhile, Brunson and Billy Baxter, a former casino owner from Augusta, Ga., were each selecting his favorite from among the remaining players for a \$10,000 side bet. Baxter picked Baldwin to win the big prize; Brunson chose Moss. At 5:40 p.m. on Wednesday, Baldwin became the game's 9th casualty, aces and nines to Bone's trip jacks. Moss stood and shook Baldwin's hand. Baldwin then slid over a few tables to start one of those earlier ring games.

Soon it was Moss' turn to fall. He ran into the highest hand of the tournament, not to mention a perfectly executed trap. Moss caught a three-five of hearts in the hole, and after the flop—heart queen, heart jack and diamond seven—he bet \$11,000. Junior Whited, a seasoned pro, simply called. The sixth card was the 10 of hearts, giving Moss a flush. Whited, who had the king-nine of hearts in the hole, giving him a straight flush, checked and called another bet by Moss. Whited knew he had the best hand either of them could have, but he waited until the next up card, a meaningless diamond four, before making his move.

"How much you got, Johnny?" Whited asked. Moss had \$23,000, so Whited counted out 23 chips and pushed them into the pot. Moss stood up and asked, "You have a flush?" He was hoping Whited had a straight, but whatever Whited had, Moss had to call. He did. Whited flipped over his hole cards, and the room broke into applause.

The next afternoon only three players remained—Charlie Dunwoody, a semi-retired oil producer, who had just \$20,600 left; Huber, with \$154,300; and Bone, with \$125,100. The players and spectators who jammed the floor were all wondering: Who is Bone? Someone pointed out a woman wearing a diamond of about 20 carats and said, "That's his wife." Another man said that the last time Bone flew into town, it was in his own jet. "Whoever he is," Slim summed up, "he ain't on no budget." In fact, Bone is a commodity-futures broker and hog farmer from Springdale, Ark.

On the third hand of the session, after

the flop came up club queen, heart jack and diamond jack, Bone bet all he had left, \$105,100. Dunwoody dropped, and Huber called. Because Bone had all his dough in the game and there could be no more betting, he and Huber turned over their hole cards. Bone had the king-queen of hearts, giving him a pair of queens. Huber had the ace-king of diamonds, nothing yet. The fourth up card was the diamond three, meaning that on the last card Huber needed an ace, a 10 or a diamond—he had 16 possibilities for a winner among the 43 cards not showing on the table. The four of clubs fell on the table. Bone now had \$220,000; Huber had \$69,000, and some problems.

It was a tight spot, but not one altogether unfamiliar to the 32-year-old Huber, who has played cards for a living for 10 years. Starting when he was 18, he pressed sheet metal in Indianapolis five days a week and sat in on \$1-limit poker games every Friday night. Work brought home \$120 a week, poker \$100 a night. So one day Huber skipped work; he has not been back since. Broke? Yes, a lot of the time. "But when you really know poker," he says, "no matter how broke you get, when your luck turns, you always come back."

A few hands later, Bone knocked out Dunwoody with a pair of aces, queen-10 nigh, to aces, queen-nine. Meanwhile, Huber, taking small pots and folding a lot, was inching back out of the hole. Within 90 minutes he had \$155,000, and then Bone walked into a trap. An eight-seven-deuce flop gave Bone a pair of eights, which he knew was probably the high hand. He bet \$15,000 and Huber called. The sixth card was a five. Bone bet another \$15,000 and Huber called. Then the dealer turned over a four. Bang. Huber rumbled in \$30,000. If he had a six in the hole, he had a straight—or was he bluffing? More than \$130,000 was in the pot. Bone thought for a while and finally called. Huber flipped over a six. The loss dropped Bone's stack to just \$65,000. Two hands later he had his last chips in the pot and a pair of queens. Huber had kings.

Elizabeth Bone, the 20-carat lady, emerged from the crowd, rushed to her husband and gave him a hug. A few minutes later, Huber sat at a bar, sipping 7 Up. Yes, the \$150,000 was his biggest score ever. With it, he said, he might buy a few acres of land. "Before," he added, "I drop it at the tables." **END**

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BOUNDING INTO PROMINENCE



Moses Malone jumped from high school to the pros, where he has become the game's top rebounder

BY FRANK DEFORD

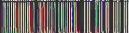
Anybody can shoot a jump shot.

—MOSES MALONE

Moses Malone is an original. He not only cut a new path to glory, but he also performs as no one else ever has. He was the first basketball player to go directly from high school to the pros, and he is the first to make a name in the craft of offensive rebounding. The game is a different one with him on the floor.

There are no tricks to the way he plays it. "Basically, I just goes to the rack," he says. *Rack* is a rather obscure colloquialism, meaning the rim of the basket, but the way Malone gives voice to it, the rack takes on the aspect of a specific territory, demarcated as surely as the lane or the crease or the mezzanine or the city limits; you'll know just where to find him.

Malone is not particularly articulate about all this. Indeed, in his heavy bass voice, speaking in the argot of his impoverished Southern subculture, he sometimes seems obtuse. He grew up in



a tumbledown frame house with only his mother, who had left school after the fifth grade; the only literature on the prem-

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MOSES MALONE

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uses was a worn Bible and, later, newspaper clippings of his exploits. But syntax and structure are not everything; young Moses Malone has always had the most express vision of these two places: the rack and the future. And that, for him, has been quite enough.

Although he is one of the leading candidates for Most Valuable Player in the NBA, to most fans he is famous only for one thing—for having had the brass to pass up that great linoleum dream, a college education. In 1974 Malone chose to go directly from Petersburg High in Virginia to the ABA, taking the money instead of what he calls "the big pay," the stacks of publicity invariably accruing to a championship college player, which immediately he would have been at almost any school. Because he has played with a succession of generally undistinguished professional teams—five in his first three seasons—in generally out-of-the-way cities, Malone's swift emergence this season as probably the best center and the most dominating figure in basketball has taken place without most people knowing what he looks like, or even whom he plays for, which now happens to be the Houston Rockets. Moreover, because Moses is shy and reticent—"I sit around, watch the scene, be quiet; I don't run my mouth off"—he only fuels the backfires of the one image he does possess: that of the goon who didn't have the brains to go to college.

As Terry Bradshaw would explain, if, you know, he only could, the hardest knock an athlete has to live down today is that of deficient intelligence; even the choker can get off the hook more easily. If he is big and black, it's twice as hard. A quarter of a century ago, Willie Mays, overwhelmed and unfutured, was generously accepted by newspaper reporters who turned his intellectual shortcomings around, using them to create a happy-go-lucky myth, our own Say Hey Kid. But Moses Malone, who comes from the same sort of black Dixie background, was publicly mocked as "Mumbles" Malone by a Salt Lake City disc jockey. Nowadays, any athlete who cannot express himself capably is fair game. Now that the TV microphones

are on all the time, there can never be another *Pygmalion*.

Those who know Malone make it a point to protest allegations of ignorance. Moses himself, though, stays above the fray, refusing to discuss almost anything he deems "personal." If people insist upon dwelling on how he talks instead of on what he has attained, then that is their dumb fault. He grows increasingly more confident socially, more witty, more outgoing all the time, but he cannot be bothered with enrolling in speech classes, as his lawyers have suggested. What's the point? His friends understand him—"When you're alone with Mo, you can't shut him up," says John Lucas of the Warriors—and he knows that no matter how carefully he enunciates, nobody is ever going to hire him to fill in for Bruce Jenner.

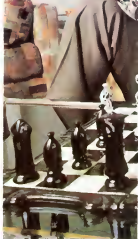
No, Malone realizes today, as he always has, that his fortune is to be found around the rack. Charles Moses, a pharmacist who helped advise the Malones when the teenager was being recruited by hundreds of colleges, says, "If you can't express yourself correctly, it doesn't mean you're a stupid kid. Stupid? Listen, he was the first one to understand that he was a franchise. Moses was the one who figured it out."

Turning down the University of Maryland, Malone went with the Utah Stars. "I knew what peoples was saying," Malone says, "and so I told the Stars, 'It don't make no difference how old I am, because I still think I can bust y'all. You just watch my action.'"

"I was very homesick, but I kept my eyes open. I kept a cool head about things. Peoples could say things about me, but I didn't pay no attention. I didn't want to know what they was saying because I was the only one knew what's true."

Malone is keeping tabs. "He don't forget anything," says Lucas, a former teammate as well as a close friend. "Mo's like a book."

Pro Hayes was an assistant coach at Petersburg High, but he was even closer to Malone as a counselor and father figure. "Moses was always very independent, very proud," Hayes says. "Never



ask for money—and Lord, he could use it. Never brag either. His mother did a wonderful job with him. But I've known a lot of kids like Moses, and a good mother sacrificing is not necessarily enough. It's tough. These kind of kids get depressed. No matter what they might tell you, they want a mother and a father, both, so much. That kind of kid can go either way. There's no in-between. Moses became strong, independent."

"He likes to do his job and go off by himself, just be alone and play his music. And people misunderstood. They would decide he was ignorant or arrogant. But they were wrong."

"When he started to consider the pros, I was concerned for him. I was afraid that if he was defeated then, he could be destroyed. And so much more has happened than we ever feared—his team folding, then the league, being traded all around, so much—and he's still Moses. The same Moses. He's not Billy Showboat. No, sir. You see, Moses had a lot



Malone's high school prowess in Petersburg, Va., turned him into a pawn for determined recruiters

more faith in himself than we did."

Sometime next year, when his contract comes up for renewal, Moses Malone, Petersburg H.S. '74, will almost surely sign as the first million-dollar-a-year player in any team sport. "Well, now he can buy himself some Ph.D.s," says Pro Hayes. Shoot, he can endow some chairs.

Malone is now a month short of his 24th birthday and after four seasons in the pros—"my school years," he calls them—still in the spring of his career. He is 6' 10", wears 39-inch sleeves, and weighs 235, having added about 15 pounds since last season. He looks, in many respects, like a sale-price Wilt Chamberlain, for both have the same dark complexion, both are lithe, lean-muscled, cut high, with long legs, the rump jutting out. And, like the vintage Wilt, Moses has added a gawker, which his mother calls "a mess." But whereas Chamberlain's face always bore an El

Greco sort of torment and grievance, Malone's countenance displays a certain serenity. Just about everybody likes Moses a lot.

In a game a couple of weeks ago, George McGinnis of the Denver Nuggets, who was going out socializing with Malone afterward, had been driving on the Rockets pretty successfully. At one point, on the side, McGinnis passed back to a guard and cleared the area, just minding his own business, casually cutting across the free-throw line. Very purposefully Malone left his own man, moved out and belted the unsuspecting McGinnis with a hip, almost knocking the strong man off his feet. The first expression on McGinnis' face was utter fury. Then he looked and saw that it was Malone who had done the deed, and all anger instantly passed, to be replaced by wonder that it could be the kid who had wrought such an act.

Moses moves at a controlled lope until he reaches the rack, but once there he

immediately goes into a series of purposeful darts and dashes. Curiously, what most attracts attention are his hands, which are disproportionately small. Malone is genetically inexplicable: his father is 5' 6", his mother 5' 2". Only his hands seem a result of that union. During a game they hang altogether loose, but they are never lazy. Instead, they appear to possess some sort of kinetic quality. No doubt this is because, unlike other men his size, Moses cannot take his hands for granted. He says he can palm the ball, but he can't manhandle it, toy with it. Tom Nissalke, the Rockets' coach, has given him a series of hand-stretching exercises, like those for a pianist. "If Moses just had normal hands for a man his size, he'd have to be outlawed," says teammate Rick Barry.

It is unusual, too, that his specialty should be offensive rebounding, because that craft is usually reserved for the cagey forwards who squeeze through the cracks while the bull centers are blocking one another out. Centers are supposed to be selfless purveyors of the ball, clearing it (a wonderful euphemism, obviously invented by a guard, meaning, you give me the ball). But at Petersburg High, Malone was so overwhelming, so powerful, the games so lopsided, that the other players didn't bother to work the ball in to the big man: if Malone wanted to score, he had to learn to get the ball off the boards himself. "Got 45 rebounds one time," he recalls, chuckling at the memory. "Back door, back door, back door."

Once he understood how naturally proficient he was at offensive rebounding, he began to work even harder on that specialty, in the same way, say, as the young Bill Russell did on shot blocking. Malone has carefully studied how his teammates shoot, what sort of spin and trajectory they employ, so that he knows exactly where he should be on every play. A lofty Calvin Murphy miss, for example, is liable to bounce higher and farther out than a Rudy Tomjanovich line drive.

By now there is little or no argument that Moses Malone is the prepotent offensive rebounder of all time. Neither is there much argument as to why. First of

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MOSES MALONE

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all, there is the matter of simple mathematics: Moses tries for every rebound since he assumes every shot will be missed.

Second, there is the matter of execution and determination. Rich Kelley, the New Orleans center, who is a distant third in the league to Malone in offensive rebounding, says, "He has quickness, timing, all the things you would expect, but the main thing is his tenacity. Eighty percent of Malone's game is on the offensive board. It changes everything. You play the Rockets, it's something entirely different, because I'd say a third of their game is Moses on the offensive board, keeping the ball in play. And that's completely unique to any team.

"What goes through your mind is that you have to box him out every damn time, every time the ball goes up. It just wears on you, mind and body. The other good centers learn to cruise for a quarter. They pick their spots. Not Moses. By the end of every game against him, you're whipped." Malone's best rebounding quarter is often the fourth. The Rockets have never lost an overtime game since he joined the team; they have won nine in a row, one short of the league record.

To his effort and instincts, Malone has added guile. He knows how to gain leverage by using an opponent against himself. He knows how to avoid drawing fouls. Indeed, because he tires and frustrates his rivals so often, he is himself fouled far more than any other center in the league.

While neither Malone nor his teammates fear that his exertions will wear him out over the long haul, opponents are skeptical. Even before the season started, Elvin Hayes of the Washington Bullets offered the observation that Malone would be through by Jan. 1, and while he has breezed by that deadline, whether he will be able to survive the remainder of the long season and then go head-to-head against a monster center in a couple of seven-game playoff series is still moot.

"But you can't change him," Nissalke says. "The last time he played Jabbar, he hung around practice for an extra half hour, having a ball, playing one-on-one. Then he goes out that night, plays 50 minutes in overtime, gets 25 rebounds and 34 points. I've told Mo, if he ever decides to be a study in cool, like some of the stars

in this league, he could lose it all."

"I know how to pace myself," Malone says. "And all I know is, after two or three quarters they're tired, and I just keeps on coming. The bigger they are the more I be a greyhound."

In Houston, Malone lives alone in a town house in the southwest section of that booming, sprawling, crawling, ugly city. He usually toots about in a Lincoln Continental, only occasionally taking a spin in his two-tone Rolls. He makes something like \$300,000 a year, but the Rolls is his only extravagance. He spends judiciously, eating many of his meals at cafeterias, leaving the bulk of his income for conservative investments. When Malone retires from basketball at 35 or so, he should be in a position to live comfortably off his income for the rest of his life.

His house was robbed not so long ago, so now it is chained and lock-full of electronic watchdogs. Inside, at his leisure, Moses watches television and listens to music simultaneously. The rooms are bright, filled with plants and some original art. One painting is a portrait of Moses in the uniform of the Petersburg Crimson Wave, which was presented to him on Moses Malone Day. But the centerpiece of the living room is a larger painting, which shows, to all appearances, the rear view of a naked woman. However, looked at just the right way, under instructions of the owner, lo and behold, what is revealed is the profile of Abraham Lincoln. It is impossible to describe this phenomenon in any clearer fashion, and the failure to do so is not indicative of this correspondent's stupidity.

The portraits in the rickety old house in Petersburg, where the couches came to see Moses and his mother, were somewhat more commonplace; they were of Martin Luther King Jr., President and Mrs. Kennedy, Jesus Christ. When he signed with the Stars, Moses got enough of a bonus to allow him to buy a new house for Mary Malone. It is a trim ranch in the suburb of Ettrick, right on the route where Lee's army fell back the last time, defaulting Petersburg to Grant and retreating at last to Appomattox.

Mary Malone, a small, happy woman with a gold front tooth, occasionally

leaves her new house in Ettrick and drives back to stare at the ramshackle place on St. Matthews Street. "Sometimes I likes just to come back and look," she explains, smiling. Very few people have dreams come true, and fewer still can return to see their sad past so vividly, but the house was condemned after the Malones left, and it remains exactly as before, an everyday Brigadoon. "Look, they's still even got the curtains up," Mrs. Malone exclaims. Seeing what was makes what is all the better.

At the old house on St. Matthews, the plumbing often didn't work, and for a long time there was a big hole in a wall where a window was supposed to be. When the house would become overrun with recruits (on soft nights some would sleep on the porch), Moses would climb out a window, get onto the roof and take off. "I did a lot of ducking and hiding," he says. This would leave his mother to entertain the recruits; the experience eventually left her with bleeding ulcers that not even Oral Roberts could cure in his desperate effort to attract her son to his college.

Moses is an only child. His mother, says she, threw his father out of the house when Moses was two, because he had taken to drinking, and he disappeared, surfacing only when he understood his son had struck it rich. Advised by Donald Dell and Lee Fentress, his lawyers, Moses made his mother get divorced then, to protect herself.

She hasn't remarried, devoting herself to her son, whom she called "Teeny," because he was such a skinny baby. Mary Malone, a Hudgins from out in Chesterfield County, was the oldest of nine children and was forced to drop out of grade school to help support the family, so she never could get any but the most menial of jobs. When her son signed for six figures, she was a packer at the local Safeway, making about \$100 a week. Still, she spoiled Moses something awful. The Christmas he was six she gave him a fancy organ, which is still in his room in Ettrick. Mary Malone had been raised in a very limited world; she had no reason to believe her son would have an easy life as an adult (who did, that she knew?), and so she was determined to give him the one thing she could, which was a free-and-easy childhood. "I didn't like him to do no work at all," she says. "I know

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MOSES MALONE

continued

A GREATER REBOUNDER THAN RUSSELL OR CHAMBERLAIN

The shooting accuracy of pro basketball players has increased so dramatically as to render rebounding statistics of a few years ago meaningless in comparison with today's figures. Very simply, because the sharpshooters miss so few shots today, there are fewer rebounds available. In 1959-60 the Celtics averaged more than 80 rebounds a game, but by now a typical rebounding team (like Houston) picks off only about 45 a game, the best hardly 50.

Malone is averaging 17.7 rebounds, while Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell routinely used to average in the mid-20s, but if today's rebounding statistics are taken in context, then the true value of Malone as a rebounder becomes all the more impressive.

Consider these figures:

- In the 1960-61 season, Chamberlain set the NBA record by averaging 27.2 rebounds a game. But Wilt's team, the Philadelphia Warriors, averaged 75.2 rebounds a game. This season, while Malone is averaging 17.7 rebounds, the Rockets are averaging only 45.3 per game. Thus, the Warriors of '61 had 66% more rebounds than the '79 Rockets. Malone grabs 39% of the Rockets' rebounds. Had Malone managed that figure for Wilt's Warriors, he would have averaged 29.3 rebounds.

- No player in NBA history has accounted for such a high ratio of his team's rebounds,

Malone's 39% far surpasses the best previous mark of 36.3% that Wilt attained in 1962-63 with the San Francisco Warriors.

- While Malone is averaging 17.7 rebounds, the runner-up, Artis Gilmore, averages 13.3. Thus, Malone is performing 33% better than any other player in the league.

- The NBA has been distinguishing between offensive and defensive rebounds only since the 1973-74 season, and in the category of offensive rebounds no one but Malone appears in the record book. He set the record of 437 in 1976-77, his only full season in the NBA. He led the league last year with 380, although missing the final 21 games with an injury. At his present rate of 7.3 offensive rebounds a game—nobody else gets more than four—Malone will finish with about 600, better than the all-time record of 533, which Spencer Haywood accumulated in the ABA in 1969-70. Last Friday against New Orleans, Malone had one of the greatest rebounding games in NBA history—he took down 37, of which 19 were off the offensive boards.

Malone is, thus, the undisputed offensive-rebound leader. No single player has ever meant so much to his team as a rebounder. No player has ever pulled down a higher rate of rebounds. It would seem that this year he has been the single most effective rebounder ever to play the game.

how hard I come up, so I didn't want him to."

The idea that her son might be a college man thrilled her, and she held out for that right up to the time the Stars' representatives spread real \$100 bills across the bed, and for the first time she could visualize a house with a toilet that worked and no holes in the walls. Even now, with the living room studded with Moses' trophies, his high school diploma still occupies the place of honor on the television console.

So Moses' childhood, though deprived, was not a sad one, and he filled in playing games—first football, then basketball—up Harding Street, from Byrd's Confectionery to the Virginia Avenue Playground at the top of the hill. On summer nights he would play till one or two in the morning, often by himself. "Yes, he do that," Mrs. Malone says. "He always loves his basketball, and that what give that boy his courage."

When Moses was about 14 or so and

began to appreciate how very good he was, he wrote out a message to himself and placed it in the family Bible, which was worn and dog-eared and had no cover, that Mrs. Malone's father had passed on to her. A great many people close to Moses know about this note. Apparently, it was a promise from Moses to himself that he would become the best high school player in the country by the time he finished his junior year. Then, that accomplished, it seems he sat down and wrote another note for the Bible, this one to the effect that he would become the first high school player to go directly into the pros.

Malone knows he cannot deny the existence of these notes, but, guarding his privacy, as ever, he is as evasive about them as he possibly can be. He says he does not remember what the notes said. However, still tucked into his Bible, at Isaiah 64, are clippings Moses put there after his first varsity game, when he was called up from the jayvees as a freshman

and went for 30 in an upset victory: WAVE GETS REVENGE FROM MIDLOTHIAN.

He only got better, and for his last two seasons Petersburg was undefeated, state champs, 50-0. Meanwhile, in the classroom Malone was present and accounted for, but never involved or particularly proficient. A great part of his problem was psychological. Schoolwork was both alien and intimidating to him. "He'd say nothing, even if he knew something," Pro Hayes says. "He didn't want to risk being embarrassed." It is also true that Moses had bad teeth, and so he refrained from talking, keeping his head down when he had to speak.

He just scraped by, trading in algebra for art to make it. "It was a matter of goals," says Lefty Driesell, the Maryland coach. "I firmly believe that if Mo had put it in his Bible to be a B student, then he would have become one."

Almost from the beginning Malone had decided to play for Driesell at Maryland. "Lefty was the type of fellow who would tell you things right," Malone says. But he kept this decision to himself, for he enjoyed all the fuss, the foolish attention of grown men, and he listened courteously to all the recruiters' lies and supplications. It was a game, and he became a cottage industry in Petersburg, with doleful recruiters getting combed out of all sorts of front money by hustlers who promised that they could deliver Moses.

In the end he signed a letter of intent with Maryland, and it was only a matter of days before he started matriculating at College Park that the Utah Stars showed up with a "multimillion-dollar contract." In fact, it guaranteed very little, being studded with one-year, one-way options. Malone made the Stars show the contract to Driesell, and as soon as the coach took one look at the document, he called in Dell, the Washington lawyer and former Davis Cup captain, who had made a formidable reputation representing tennis players, notably Arthur Ashe.

Dell was caught in a tricky situation. He had been summoned to help Malone by Driesell, who was obviously a rival of the Stars. Furthermore, it was one of the more Draconian of the NCAA rules that a kid who took on counsel to help him decide between pro and college ball was automatically deemed a pro and thus de-

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MOSES MALONE

continued

nied the choice for which he sought counsel in the first place. Dell had to gingerly position himself as no more than a friendly adviser.

He and one of his law partners, Lee Fentress, read the contract and then went into a room in their offices where Driesell, John Lucas and Moses and his mother were assembled. "As soon as I entered the room," Dell says, "Moses dropped his head. At that time, that was his natural response to any stranger. I wanted to catch his attention, and so I walked right over to him, and even before I said hello, I said, 'You ever hear of slavery, Moses?' His head came up like that. He stared straight at me, and he listened to every word I said."

Dell explained the contract's loopholes, but because he was sure that Utah would be back, raising the ante, he told Malone that he was welcome to call him for advice. "But understand this, Moses," Dell told him. "The minute you sign one thing, one scrap of paper, forget it, because then I can't help you." The next day, from Petersburg, Malone called Dell constantly. "Eighteen calls—18," Dell says. "Every time Utah made a new move, Moses called me. I knew then that he was a hell of a lot smarter than he was given credit for."

By now the Malone saga was sharing front-page headlines in Washington with the final days of Watergate. But as the Utah offer limned up, Maryland's chances began to fade. Moses kept talking about his dreams, about his note in the Bible: "He knew what he was doing," Lucas says. "He wanted the pro atmosphere, all the looseness. Mo's nothing like he appears to be. He was already an extraordinary way ahead of his time."

Again Dell assembled all the principals in his offices. The Utah envoys were put on hold in one room while Dell and Fentress met with the Malones, Driesell and one of his assistants, Dave Pritchett. It was an emotional encounter, and as Lefty perceived that the kid's mind really was made up, that his certified national championship was drifting away, he grew anguished and distraught. He talked about the promise in the Bible. "The Good Lord won't mind you waiting for a year or two," he said. Moses did not

budget. Pritchett began to cry, and Driesell, despairing all the more, became melodramatic.

Suddenly, Malone looked up and glared at his friend. "Stop jivin' me, Coach," he snapped. Driesell froze. School was out. Dell and Fentress then gathered up the Malones and went into the other room to strike the final deal with Utah, whose emissaries still did not know that they had won the battle. But hardly had the negotiations started than the door flew open and Driesell burst into the room, ablaze. He came at the Utah people, and they cowered. Lefty is a big man. "You better take care of him," he shouted. "You better take care of Mo." And then, satisfied and cooled, he shook hands and was gone again.

Unfortunately, this outburst, however genuine, however affectionate, served foremost to erode Malone's bargaining leverage. But Dell and Fentress kept pressing, and hours later, past midnight, the parties agreed. Then Dell suddenly remembered that Malone was under 21 and could not sign a document such as a professional basketball contract in the District of Columbia, and so the whole entourage had to troop across the Potomac to a Ramada Inn in Virginia, where 18 is the legal age. It was there, early in the morning in a motel room, that Moses Malone answered the second promise to himself and his mother's Bible.

College baseball doesn't make any money, so baseball players have been turning pro out of high school for generations, without athletic Pharisees getting agitated, but Malone's decision was greeted as nearly unholy. Dell himself could not fall asleep for three nights, being plagued by thoughts "that I really might be a flesh peddler."

College kids may be brats, college professors may be pinkos, college coaches may be brutes, but don't ever rap college. College enjoys a unique place in our society; it's about the only institution left that is sacrosanct, above criticism. The reason is that college is where you have to go to get a college degree. Thus, anybody like Malone, who would actually pass up a chance to go to college, is suspect as un-American. When you think about it, today college is prized about as dearly as marriage used to be.

But for anyone who knew Malone

well, it was difficult to dispute his rationale. "To take four years to learn the social sciences may be approved, but is it best for everybody?" Fentress asks. And while Driesell suggests that college play would have improved Malone "fundamentally" and the experience would have helped "to bring out his personality," he believes that the young man would have profited primarily as a marketable item. In this respect, Malone still suffers a lack of identity for not having been showcased with an NCAA contender. It has hurt him in several ways. Because Malone doesn't sell tickets, Houston had to bring in a name, Rick Barry, for this season, a transaction that cost the Rockets their playmaker, John Lucas.

Of course, it is easy to say that Malone should have stuck out college for a year or two if your mother isn't living in a shanty without a toilet and with a big hole in the wall. "Look," says Spencer Haywood of the Jazz, who was Malone's teen-age idol, an offensive rebounder and the first player ever to leave college—the University of Detroit—for the pros. "The colleges are just there to use you. If you're black and haven't a nice, rich mommy and daddy—and now, with the Baكية decision, you haven't even the government on your side—then you have no choice. You take advantage of what you have as soon as you can."

Malone himself never had any doubts. "I'd seen the pros on TV, and I figured I was quicker," he says. "Peoples talked about experience, but I never thought experience meant that much under the rack. So I told my momma, let me decide. If I'm going to lose, let me lose myself. So my momma said all right."

Oddly, Malone's rookie year came off without trauma and was a great deal happier than those that followed. He averaged 18.8 points and 14.6 rebounds a game, and when Nissalke was brought in midway through the season, the teenager found a coach he cared for and respected. Nissalke did not baby Moses. In the huddle sometimes, during timeouts, the coach would stop everything, halt all talk until the kid would raise his head to listen, looking Nissalke in the eye like a grown man.

Salt Lake City was unique, too, for it is Mormon, with a tiny black population. But that didn't faze Malone, either. It

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MOSES MALONE

continued

has often been assumed, and written (most likely by some righteous Yankees), that Malone came from an all-black environment, but in fact, Malone was probably more at home with whites than a comparable Northern ghetto star would have been. Petersburg High School was only about 60% black when Malone attended it, and perhaps the single most important peer influence upon the bashful black youngster was a white classmate named Tim Antozzi.

The only time that Malone has ever been in any sort of trouble came two summers ago when on a visit back home, he and a group of friends dropped by Virginia State University, which is predominantly black. In the frivolous, sophomoric episode that ensued, Moses concluded a desultory flirting session by snatching up a coed's \$35 chess set. Before he could return it, she had blown the silly incident up into theft and pressed charges, which have since been dismissed.

The lesson Malone has learned is that he is a marked man and therefore must stay out of crowded situations he can't control. "I be alone and be happier than with a lot of peoples," he says. "You can't get in no trouble then." His mother, who has been beset by hustlers and bunco artists ever since she came into money, is bitter about the jealousy and exploitation she has seen.

The Malones' relationship with Fentress, the white lawyer, is especially fetching. He is the last thing you would expect in a basketball agent: a Dixie patrician, sandy-haired, with old-fashioned tortoiseshell eyeglasses and herringbone suits. He went to Tulane and Virginia Law, and when he curses, the best he can manage is "sugar." Fentress' prime client is the Government of Mexico, and last month, when he flew down to Houston to touch base with Malone, he had spent much of the previous day sequestered with Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, discussing matters somewhat more consequential than option years and zone defenses.

So, unlike a lot of the grubby 10-per-centers, Fentress keeps his basketball clients in perspective, no matter how much the fool owners pay them. He is interested in Malone, not chummy; he is firm, not patronizing, he tells Malone flat out to find a better way to get off his ego than tying up so much cash in a Rolls. It

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MOSES MALONE

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is not a slice of white man's burden, either; Fentress lived with Charles Evers for a year in Mississippi in the 1960s and lost most of his old friends in Baton Rouge for it.

It was Fentress who was instrumental in getting Malone to Houston. This began when the Utah Stars folded in Moses' second year, while he was out with a broken fibula. He was consigned by lot to St. Louis, but at the end of the season the ABA went out of business, and Malone was put in the dispersal draft. His lawyers tried to get the Knicks to take him, but they had just gotten burned trying to pirate George McGinnis from Indiana and were gun shy. Instead, he was picked fifth by Portland—but strictly as a piece of merchandise. Denver almost bought him from Portland, but at the last minute the Nuggets decided they would be better off adding a proven NBA veteran and picked up Paul Silas instead. Nassalik pressed Ray Patterson, the Houston president, to buy Malone, but the Rockets were shaky financially, and Portland didn't like the color of the Houston money. Finally, Portland passed Malone along to Buffalo for cash and a draft pick.

He reported to his new team and found that nobody really wanted him. In the two games he played the week he was with Buffalo, he was used for six minutes, total. Malone was a forward then, and Tates Locke, the Buffalo coach, figured he was solid in the corners with John Shumate and Tom McMillen. The scuttlebutt filtered out that Buffalo had pegged Malone as a dummy, too large a reclamation project. It is also a fact that Locke was the coach at Clemson when the Tigers tried to recruit Malone and ended up in ditch with the NCAA because Mrs. Malone turned Clemson in for giving cash to a relative to buy Moses a car. "A lot of things went down in Buffalo," Moses says, dispensing with that bizarre interlude.

Fentress immediately started putting the heat on Buffalo to play the kid or move him. Finally Ray Patterson got lucky, but only because Buffalo had two owners—Paul Snyder and John Y. Brown—who were more in competition with each other than in concert. Brown was an old ABA man, and Malone was an old ABA player. Brown was also out of the country for a few days. When Pat-

terson offered a deal to Snyder that gave him a quick turnaround profit, he took the cash and a couple of draft picks so he could wave them in Brown's face when he cleared customs.

McMillen was traded six weeks later and is now hanging on with Atlanta. Poor Shumate, who has a lung condition, hasn't played this season for Detroit. Locke was bounced in the middle of the season, and the whole franchise floundered until finally they booted a truck up to the door and took it to San Diego last summer.

"Moses made our franchise," Patterson says. "We were going down the tubes, and we wouldn't be in Houston today if Tom hadn't kept after me to make that deal."

At Houston in 1976-77, his first NBA season, Malone played forward opposite Rudy Tomjanovich, and the franchise had its first winning record ever. Last season, though, Tomjanovich was brutalized by an opponent's sucker punch, Malone broke his foot and missed 23 games, and the Rockets tumbled to last place. That forced Patterson to pay out \$1 million to use Barry's name at the box office for two years. Unfortunately, Barry is 34 now, and he left his legs in San Francisco, and because Tomjanovich is also primarily a shooter, the whole burden of rebounding has fallen upon Malone. Says Slick Watts, one of the team's point guards, "Everybody be shooting, but the big guy, he just be roaming underneath."

Malone has also become the Rockets' leading scorer, averaging more than 23 a game. The book on him used to be, back off when he got the ball, because he liked to use his little hands to dribble, and he was easy prey for steals. This year, however, Malone goes right up and punches it at the rack. He has a nice little jump hook, too.

What Malone longs for is a chance to play on a running team, and that is the issue the Rockets are going to have to confront after the 1979-80 season, when his contract is up for renewal. Moses likes Houston well enough; he likes the coaches and the team, but he is also, as we know, the sort of fellow who makes up his own mind. The Rockets will have no choice but to ply him with great sums. If

not, the franchise will lose its credibility in Houston, which is a gumdrop city, where there is no professional basketball heritage and just about everybody rolled into town the day before yesterday, all sweet and sure. Pro basketball and hockey clubs have gone under, but the wide-eyed still pay to see the Astrodome in repose.

The floor for Malone has got to be seven figures because David Thompson, a backcourt man, went for \$800,000. By then Patterson will be off the hook for Barry, however, and at least he won't have to battle the whole league: Moses says he'll only play in Washington, near his old home, or for a Sun Belt franchise. "You live in a cold city, you got to get married," he explains. At his best, there is a certain Confucius-say quality to Malone.

For the next season and a half, though, he belongs to the Rockets, and he will not be diverted by thoughts of running teams or anything else. Malone is a very devoted person. After he signed with the Stars, it was two or three weeks before he returned to Washington and Dell and Fentress became his permanent management. In the meantime, all manner of agents, honest and bloodsucker alike, had beaten a path to his door. He had refused even to consider a single one, waiting for Dell and Fentress to return. He still stays in touch with Driesell and considers Maryland his old team. When the Stars folded and he was dished off to some other club, he was genuinely hurt. "I'm a Utah Star, man," he said. "I want to stay here."

But mostly, what Malone is, he is loyal to basketball. Most stars are not. They think they are, but they are not, because after a while they have deals and hype and diversions (some of this stuff you learn in college), and all of this chips away at what they thought they were growing up to be, which is a player. It's very subtle. It's like you look at a naked woman, and pretty soon what you are seeing but Abraham Lincoln.

Moses hasn't even got much of a name to get in the way of his basketball. "You know what, he's just a blue-collar worker," John Lucas says. "That's what Mo is, a blue-collar worker." No one has ever been so pure around the rack. There is an eloquence to Moses Malone, the basketball player. **END**

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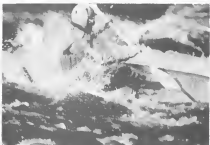
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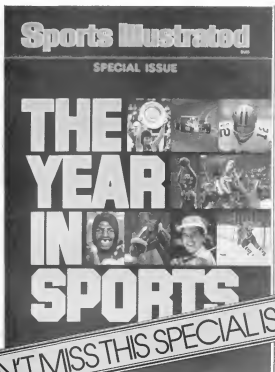
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Sir,

In addition to the girls being beautiful and wholesome and the swimsuits fetching and imaginative, the photography of Walter Loos Jr. was sensational in all respects, very well done indeed!

Ted Bilbo III
Oakland, Calif.

Sir,

I tip my hat to SI and to the beautiful girls for the most fabulous bathing-suit issue I've ever seen.

Joe Messina
San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir,

It seems you get better and better every year!

Stuart Blackwell
Atlanta

Sir,

Your cover is exquisite.

J. J. Doyle
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sir,

As a young man enduring the rigors of high school, I find your 1979 swimsuit issue deplorable! I mean, how is a guy supposed to study? Christie Brinkley is devastating.

Robert J. LaForesi
Livonia, Mich

Sir,

Your annual swimsuit issue has become an American tradition. As if baseball, hot dogs and Mom were not enough, you've now added "Apples" pie!

John G. Ktun
Saugerties, N.Y.

Sir,

A very hip issue, with Apples capable of tempting Adam.

Keith A. Hayman
Cazenovia, N.Y.

Sir,

It hit me like a ton of bricks! I was utterly shocked, amazed, disillusioned, upset, furious, disappointed, depressed and almost suicidal to discover that Cheryl Tiegs was not included in the swimsuit photographs. Not

one single shot! You have destroyed one of my fondest concepts of this great country of ours, baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Cheryl Tiegs in the SI swimsuit edition. Do you have any extra pictures of Cheryl from last year?

Chris Priere
Dearborn Heights, Mich

Sir,

No Cheryl Tiegs? Say it isn't so!

Steve Cerullo
Winchester, Mass

Sir,

Let's face it, an SI swimsuit issue without Cheryl is like baseball without the Yankees.

Neil Gaffney
Fords, N.J.

Sir,

I think Christie has just surpassed Cheryl as the world's most beautiful model.

Norm Stevens
North Vancouver, British Columbia

Sir,

Have I died and gone to heaven? No, I've just seen SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual swimsuit issue.

David Quattilebaum
Greenville, S.C.

Sir,

You've got to be kidding! Last year's swimsuit issue was upsetting, but this year's has got to be the worst. Most underwear covers more than the swimsuits you insist on photographing. Why must you, year after year, turn a great sports magazine into a cheap thrill?

Dana Santellano
Mishawaka, Ind

Sir,

Today I am an irate mother (and my husband backs me up) because of your Feb. 5 issue coming into our home. We do not need or want magazine pictures of half-naked women in bathing suits or whatever lying around our house. And we don't care if it is in just this one issue. One is too many.

Certainly some of you are fathers and mothers who realize that it is hard enough in this day and age to raise children to be chaste and pure. But I doubt if you people would understand what I am talking about. No more of that stuff!

Mrs. E. A. Prannenstiel
Hays, Kans

Sir,

My wife and I were somewhat taken aback by your cover and its subtitle, "Getting Away From It All." You sure did! What sport were you trying to depict? How would I explain the inside photographs to my son? (Fortunately,

I interrupted the magazine before he was able to see it.) Please don't get away from it all. Get back to the business of sports.

John Sheldon
Ulrich, N.Y.

Sir,

I purchased a subscription to your magazine for an 11-year-old boy. You can't imagine what I felt when I saw that cover. I want a complete refund immediately and will never subscribe to your magazine again. And believe me, I'll spread the word and my feelings to a great many people.

Nola C. Giarrante
Joliet, Ill.

Sir,

I am 11 years old. I usually enjoy SI but not the Feb. 5 issue. I don't want to see girls in bathing suits. I want to see sports like football, baseball, etc.

Joseph A. Loscaled
Woodbury, N.Y.

Sir,

This is one SPORTS ILLUSTRATED my sons won't see.

Melvin Paige
Fresno, S. Dak

Sir,

This issue will take its rightful place in the trash.

Nancy Glover
Durhamville, Texas

Sir,

I don't think that your journal is fit to be displayed on my waiting-room table.

Chitra Emschutz, M.D.
Cranford, N.J.

Sir,

The Feb. 5 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cannot by any stretch of the imagination (or bathing suit) be considered recommended reading for my students. I know your intentions are good, but is this necessary?

Barbara Smith
Media Specialist
Mary Hunter School
Bassett, Va.

Sir,

As the librarian of a Christian college, I wish to protest the usage of such pictures on the cover and centerfold of SI. The issue that came out last year was uncalled-for, and this one strikes me as being more vulgar than that.

Mrs. Joy McElroy
Librarian
Pacific Coast Baptist Bible College
San Dimas, Calif

Sir,

As one man living in the midst of winter in the Midwest, I found your swimsuit edi-

tion a most welcome warming experience. However, as a pastor in a very small town, I have one request: Could you please send next year's issue wrapped in plain brown paper?

THE REV. ROGER DANLEN
Pastor
First Baptist Church
Plainville, Ill.

Sir:

As a high school librarian, I know students often use SI as a resource for reports, speeches, papers, etc. So, from now on, could you try not to print any important articles in your bathing-suit issue because it always gets stolen? Thanks.

HOLLY BEAVER
Librarian
Lawrence North High School
Indianapolis

Sir:

My son has gone away to school. He writes and says, "I miss you. I don't need food or cash—but, please, Where is the swimsuit issue?"

CAROL BERNARD
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Sir:

I can find absolutely no justification for the swimsuit issue. I see no relationship to sports at all. You excuse yourself by saying it is an article concerning a vacation spot. Do only women vacation there? I saw no men pictured on the beaches "almost wearing" bathing suits. You have said that the feature is a preview of this summer's swimwear. Why then do you show only suits that few women could wear and fewer would want to? It would be impossible to move in the majority of the suits you have featured, much less attempt to swim in them. Each year I find this feature to be offensive and degrading to women, especially to those women who make substantial contributions to athletics in this country.

GAIL F. LAROSA
South Hadley, Mass.

Sir:

Your swimsuit issue is indicative of your coverage of women in sports—scant. Why not devote more time to women athletes?

VIRGINIA DELANEY
Oakmont, Pa.

Sir:

Equal time please! We sexist females want an issue with beautifully built men in skimpy non-swimsuits. After all, what's good for the gender is good for the goose.

JESSICA RAYMOND
Cheney, Pa.

Sir:

How come we didn't see George Plimpton in a bathing suit? He's tried most other forms of sport.

On second thought, never mind.

JOHN PRAFF
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

My second-favorite issue each year is the
continued



JACK NEWTON DANIEL made whiskey in 1866 by a method called charcoal leaching. We say charcoal mellowing today.

Whatever you call it, you start with hard maple from the Tennessee uplands and burn it to char. You grind this charcoal to the size of small peas and tamp it tight in vats. Then you trickle whiskey down through the vats to mellow its taste. Around 1945 we changed the name of this method from *leaching* to *mellowing*. It seemed a better way of describing it. But that's the only part of Mr. Jack's process that needed improving.



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19TH HOLE (continued)

one in which all the red-necked, white-hot blue-noses, full of apple pie and daisies write in to cancel their subscriptions. Have you ever checked to see how many of those subscriptions are reinstated in time for the next year's issue?

ROBERT C. MILLER
Wheeling, W. Va.

Sir

Where will all the cries of outrage come from this year? Instead of writing to SI, per haps those outraged parents would better spend their time looking for the more revealing magazines that their sons hide under their mattresses. My mom always did.

ED SETANKO
Shreveport, La.

Sir

I think you have found a cure for cancer fever.

RICHARD ZIMMER
Milwaukee

Sir

I think I speak for everybody here in the Midwest when I say thanks for making the snow and the cold a little more bearable. It's a comfort knowing that whenever a winter storm hits or the temperatures are low, the Seychelles are only a few pages away.

JOHN BOLDENAK
Hales Corners, Wis.

Sir

As I read George Plimpton's article I fell in love with the Seychelles. And the accompanying photographs of the islands were excellent.

CRAIG ANHOLD
Green Bay, Wis.

Sir

The article by George Plimpton was absurdly out of place. It belonged in some other magazine—which one I can't tell you, because it's the kind I don't read.

ALAN SIMMS
Creston, W. Va.

Sir

I was disappointed in this year's swimsuit issue. After last year's I was expecting some other interesting photographs. This year the only consolation is that I like legs.

It's hard to please everyone, isn't it?

MARK SELL FOR
Hickory, N. C.

Sir

O cursed SI, have you confounded us? Here I was about to ask you for Christine's address and phone number when my misdirected eyes detected an apparent wedding band on her finger in the cover picture. Hail your cruelty instantly! Is Ms. Brooklyn spoken for?

RON MCKENHITT
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

• Alfred so—TD

Address editorial mail to SPINNS ILLUSTRATED Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020

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'79 CHEVY MALIBU

Chevrolet

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Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT

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Kings: 8mg "tar," 0.6mg nicotine—
100's: 11mg "tar," 0.7mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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